

A Stroll by
a Familiar River



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FOLDOUT

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A STROLL BY A FAMILIAR RIVER

Comprising the colloquy of saunterers by its lower course,
and household words pertaining to its early history



By Wm. E. BARRY

KENNEBUNK, MAINE, 1909

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INTRODUCTION



MILD CRITIC

O interested friend why did you write that historical tale of the river? How ill advised it was of you to so rush into print.

INTERESTED
FRIEND

Child, speak not slightly of our humble annals! Ah little think you happy one that the old time is passing away, and with it nature's charm in the stream in this its eleventh hour. Would you have the scenes and events of its waters, and the memory of the yeomen and their kindly mates, who have striven with honest toil upon its banks to be ignored, and even our flotilla, slight tho' it were, to pass into oblivion unnoticed?

CRITIC

I am at loss to understand where you gathered so much time out mind information and many sayings, not to mention the much discolored manuscripts. Pray acquaint me, for how many cycles have you been engaged in this will-o'-the-wisp chase, and where did you scan the much worn papers, and who pleased you with credulous tales of old? And what measures of time did you devote to the gathering and arranging of these bits of information, and the depicting of these scenes and objects in your work?

FRIEND

Ah, that work which was undertaken as a holiday pastime proved "the rather" to be a serious task, claiming nearly every leisure hour for quite four seasons! And you are well aware that when one becomes possessed of a leading thought that rest is misnomer until the task be accomplished. Indeed, the work does comprise all that I ever knew of the stream, and that the kindness of many friends, who so willingly aided me in the effort by the cheerful giving of information, contributed to it.

Truly their aid is a greater pleasure to me in memory than is the final accomplishment of the task, for, indeed, without their favor it could not have been carried to fulfilment.

CRITIC

But you have not mentioned the time discolored manuscripts, the early deed, letter contract and legal papers.

FRIEND

Ah, you remind me! Touching those ancient papers! they are yet legible, and are the belongings of descendants of those persons to whom they refer. Would you wish to view them?

CRITIC

No—thank you—not with my interest!

But pray friend where did you gather so much in-



telligence relating to the loss of the Horace as you style the craft? I would infer from the narration that you were really one of the onlookers on that occasion. You appear to desire to make the past seem like the present!

FRIEND

Truly you will better comprehend when I assure you that more than a score of years since when the incidents were first gathered and transcribed concerning the Horace—the vessel's manager or husband, also various townsfolk who viewed the craft's unfortunate plight and one other person, who was a member of the crew on that night of alarm; were yet with us, and questioned concerning the episode, and the files of the local "Gazette" of the time were also consulted profitably.

CRITIC

It suffices me!

Surely friend you have labored with an assiduity that commands my sympathy, but let us hope for a further wish that topics of today and not retrospect, will occupy your thoughts and attention hereafter.

W. E. B.

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BY W. E. B.

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ORNATE WOODWORK, R. GILPATRIC MANSION	“ from a sketch of the original apartment, but with fireplace shown open.
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MOUSAM NAVIGATION CO'S. CERTIFICATE	Photo. from an original certificate.

A STROLL BY A FAMILIAR RIVER

DAY THE FIRST

Ha, ha, this was the day on which we were to take our ramble! Truly it was, but what is that musical gurgle that I hear, the liquid melody of running waters?

Ah, it is the "Mousum," babbling its perpetual song! and this day's exercise we will christen "A Stroll by a Familiar River," for we are at Mousum river bridge in Kennebunk village.

Surely so, but has the river ever borne that name, and have the premises long been closely covered with housings as at present?

Well—you must understand that for many years during the early settlements hereabouts, when the town of Cape Porpoise claimed this stream as its Western boundary, it was styled the Cape Porpoise river, but regarding the housings, they have existed here almost forever. Permit me to draw from my sleeve this antique deed, and we will seek some quiet spot where to read it. Here, this sloping bank hints of nature still—Let us begin!

"To all people before whom this deed of sale shall come, Greeting. Know ye that I James Oare of Wells in ye County of York in this their Mag'ty. Province—Territory & Dominion of ye Province of Massachusetts Bay in New Englan l, ogger, for and in consideration of ye sum one hun-

dred forty pounds sterling to me well and truly paid in hand by Jonathan Corwin, Esq., of ye town of Salem in ye County of Essex and Province aforesaid, mercht., ye rect. whereof I do by these presents acknowledge, and every part and parcel thereof and therewith to be fully satisfied—content and paid, & of every part and parcel thereof do fully, freely and absolutely acquit, exonerate and discharge ye sd Corwin, his heirs, exrs. adms. and assigns forever, by these presents have granted, bargained and sold, and do by these presents further give, grant, bargain, sell, aliene, enfeoffe & confirm unto ye aforesaid Jonathan Corwin Esqr., a certain tract of upland and meadow land, containing by estimation two hundred acres, be it so much, little, more or less, and is situate in ye township of Wells aforesaid at a place called Mousum—it being Cape Porpoise river falls, and it butted and bounded as followeth viz. the land of ye said Corwin north easterly, ye land lying down ye river by ye HIGHWAY one hundred and fifty poles and then ye line runs E. N. E. by several marked trees so far as setting off upon a square it makes ye aforesaid sum of two hundred acres, and at ye north easterly end it cuts upon ye common lands of ye said town of Wells, all which tract of land aforesaid, was granted to me ye said James Oare & Henry Brown and laid out by their committee as by ye record of ye said town will plainly appear. Also this tract of land contains one DWELLING HOUSE and BARN, FIELDS & FENCES—with ye right of trees, wood, brush and herbage, stones water and water courses to him ye said Jonathan Corwin, his heirs, adms. & assigns forever.

To have and to hold ye above granted premises with every part and parcel thereof with all ye rights of houses, fences, cultures, improvements, trees and timber like trees, wood and underwood, standing, lying or growing upon ye same or that ever shall grow upon it, ye grass and herbage—Also ye stones, water and water courses, etc.

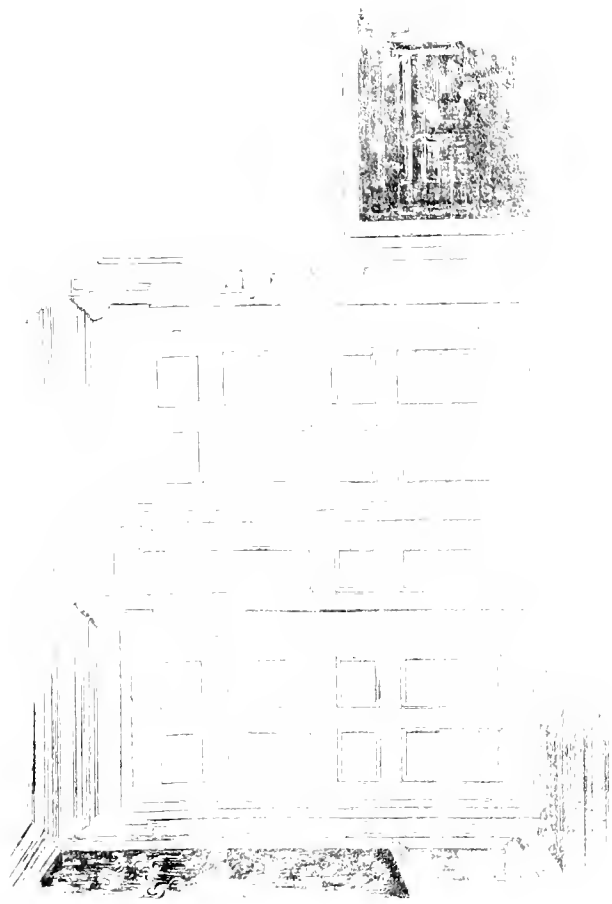
I ye said James Oare have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal this eighth day of Sept. Annoque Domini sixteen hundred ninety-two—annoq Regni, Regis and Regina, Guiellielum & Maria, Anglia &ct Quarto—Signed sealed and delivered in the presence of Samuel Wheelwright, Joseph Storer, James Converse.”

What, a highway, a house and barn, fields and fences here at Cape Porpoise river falls in 1692? 'tis well that you said that housings had existed on this land almost forever—Regarding the sounding Latin phrase Regni, Regis, etc. it would have pleased me well had he written, “In the fourth year of the reign of the King and the Queen, William & Mary of England, etc.”

James Converse, James Converse; was not he the brusque Captain who so ably defended Lieut. Joseph Storer's garrison at Wells in the noted French and Indian fray of the previous June of the same year? Yes Sir, undoubtedly the same person. What of those “Common lands?”—As for ye Wells Commons or town lands, which extended to ye Mousum river, I will say that some 60 years since, two of ye inhabitants of Kennebunk made it their earnest occupation to search for, in ye turnpike region, lots of common lands, that ye town of Wells had never deeded to any person, and they found several such, and preempted them for their own benefit.

But I heard you speak of other mementos, the mill and dam of 1674, above, at the pasture yonder—Ah yes! but scant traces remain of those at this day—ye friends who traversed that track when boys. 70 years since, did see at the low stage of water, or when skating in ye winter, bed logs and the row of rocks of ye ancient dam, extending across the stream to the Dr. Emerson wharf that was then on the Western Shore. While one of ye old time townspeople who was born soon after ye close of the French and Indian war, was wont to say that the long river inlet where ye boys now skate in winter, was made by the Scotch mill men as a raceway for their mill, and if you go to the land above on the East Side you will see the depression, now almost effaced, where ye mill men's cabin stood the first white man's habitation in ye town of Kennebunk—and Oh! I mused upon those early days, when my friend was preparing the cellar of his new house near by some ten years since, and discovered two pits or fire-places in ye ground, the one some 2 ft. 6 in. below ye surface. the other scarce beyond one foot. They were separated forty ft. and each was 2 ft. 6 in. diameter, and paved with stones Upon each was a layer of charcoal 6 in. depth and yet quite fresh, reminders of ye Indians' or white folks' fires, I scarce know which.

Oh, yes, Friend, those happenings were so long ago, but may we awake to an interest in more modern objects and happenings as we stand here by the bridge—Inform me, Friend, What is that imposing white dwelling upon the brow of the hill yonder? Oh, the Unitarian Parsonage you



WALLSCOTING UNITARIAL PAPERHOUSE

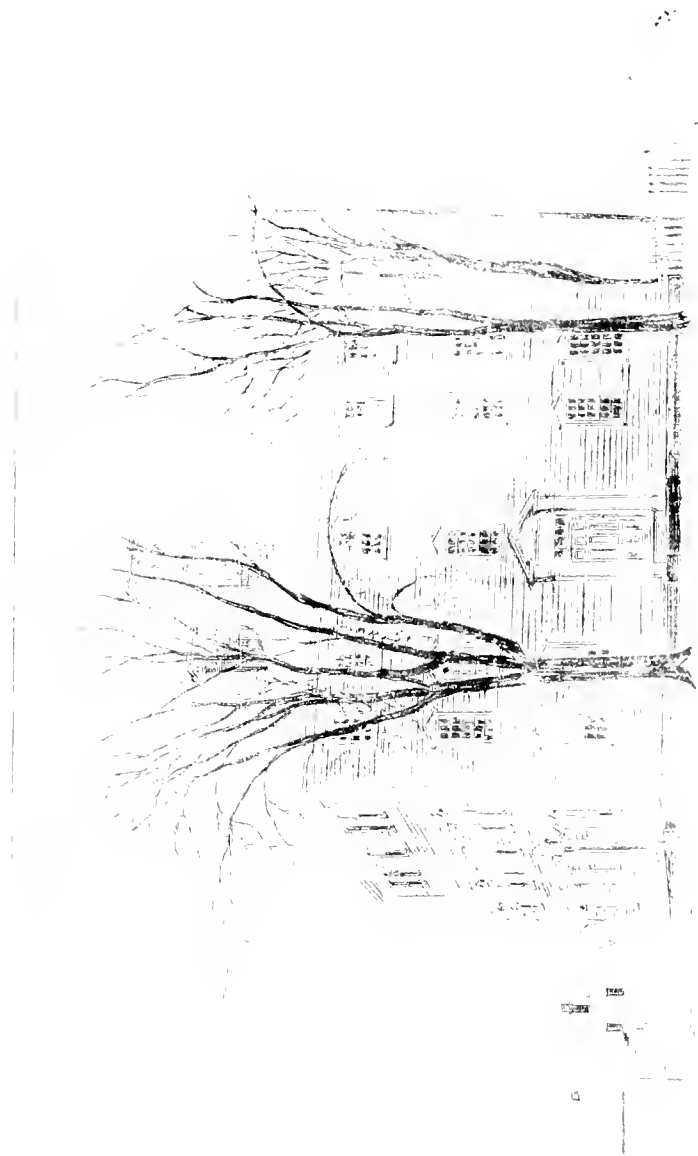
mean? Well, from the appearance of its parts I reckon that house to have been built about ye year 1787, and well builded indeed it was, with its great chimney resting upon a cellar-high foundation nearly 12 ft. square of granite blocks, and with various of its wall boardings feather edged the better to refuse the weather, and ye chimney side of its forerom elaborately set out from floor to ceiling with raised wood panels, moulded door caps, fireplace panel and classic cornice, after ye best fashion of Batty Langley, and consider ye well used brick fireplace, with its iron crane. Then ye chamber above the forerom is almost as well wrought as it. You must know that soon after the year 1800 one Deacon John Low lived in this house with his wife Rachel she having been the daughter of Col. Ebenezer Francis who so gallantly fought, and fell at ye battle of Hubbardston, when the American Gen. Schuyler's rear-guard opposed the advance of ye British Gen. Burgoyne. A gallant officer was Col. Francis to offer his life upon his country's altar!

Ah! Somewhat for little folks to see and listen to in Kennebunk, near 60 years ago, when they heard the resonant humming, and shyly peeping in at ye kitchen door of this same old house, beheld Becky and Sally, the two domestics of ye Widow Rachel, spinning the woolen yarn on ye great spinning wheel.

Truly, Friend, those were different times from these, but what is that imposing three storied structure just across the way, and so dignified, the old tavern, I suppose? Yes, and it causes me to smile when I think of the stal-

wart Dominicus Lord who previously lived there in a small house, from which the present structure was enlarged, filing all ye way from the top of the hill down and over into the village, at the news of ye battle of Lexington, to call the military company together in the old Revolutionary times. Lively days those for the town! And did you ever hear of one Capt. John H—— who before the middle of the last century bargained for ye old tavern of the former owner, Bro. Nathl. Jefferds: and of his giving him in exchange for it, a brig with her cargo all stowed, her sails bent, all ready for sea? Now you must understand that in those days ye people did not have that faith in the government such as they now have, and ye Captain shared the feeling somewhat I suppose, for it is related that he was wont to keep \$500 in specie by him at all times in the event that ye country should go to wrack—a plank as it were by which to save one's self on. And you must also know that the Captain owned the territory back of ye tavern where Hovey Street now is and much more land besides over that way.

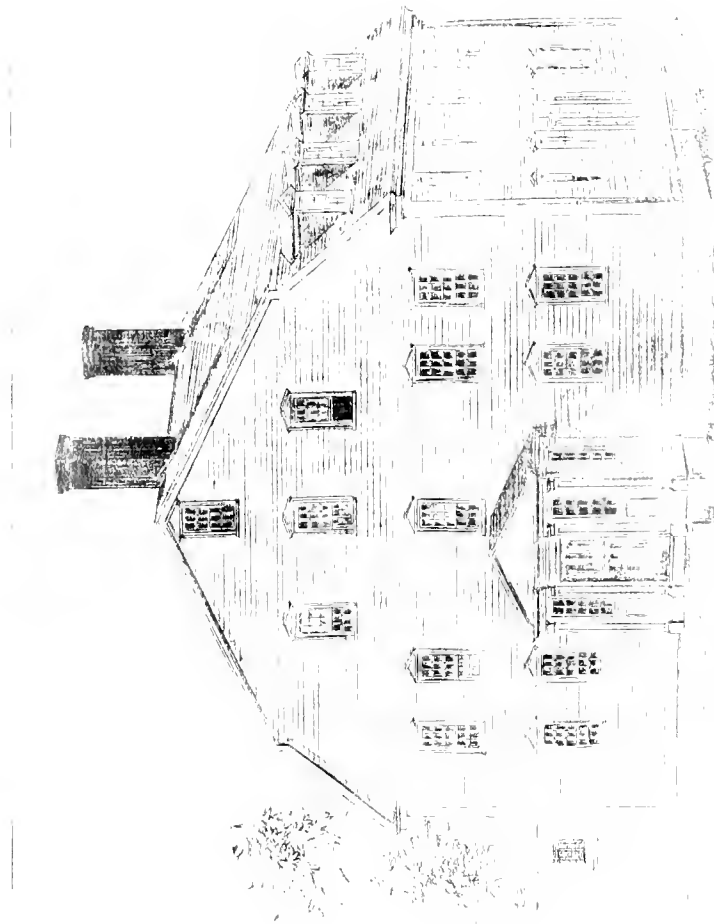
Ha! ha! maybe you young folk have never heard of the threatened Madawaska war at the Eastward, near those times, when ye boundary contention arose, and our government urged recruits into the affected territory in numbers! and “Wonders” who should gallop up with driver, horses and equipage, with all speed into ye tavern yard on the hill, but the great General Scott. In ye tavern was a commodious sofa, nearly 9ft. in length between ye arms, and which friend C ——now has, and erstwhile the host-



lers were unshackling ye panting horses, and leading out a new relay of animals, the General strode into ye tavern, and refreshing himself with a glass of wine and an egg, lay down to rest on the great sofa, and long as it was he occupied nearly the entire space. Ah, an imposing figure the General made with his long military cloak, and chapeau with plume! Presently he arose, strode out, embarked, and in a twinkling was away for the Border.

Many a tale of public occasion would ye walls of the old house relate, could they speak! May long life and prosperity attend it!

Come, we must go! No, no, delay a moment until I describe to you the third of the trio of great houses to which the traveller bade adieu as he departed from the village on the West side! The dwelling of Richard Gilpatrick I mean. It stood upon the E. slope just below ye tavern, though later removed. It was of ample dimensions, with wide spreading gambrel roof, plentifully pierced with windows, and with chambers completed to ye upper pitch of roof, wood dados, moulded cornices, fluted pilasters, ramped stair work and other finish of plain, but honest style. Hard by at the rear sat barn and sheds while on the brow of the hill near by, rested the great barn, nearly seventy ft in length. You must know that this self-made merchant called all ye land on the West bank of the river from the bridge to far below the head of tide, also the open territory at the rear of the house, some 240 acres altogether, his own. Ah, Sir, when I muse on this old estate I must strike my cane upon ye bridge, and chant with ye poet, of the times—



MANSION OF RICHARD GILPATRIC

*“When men lived in a grander way with ampler hospitality.” Now, let us leave this place! But wait, would you not like to hear of Ye “Mousum Manufacturing Water Privilege” of 1825? Why certainly, if it will not take long—Proceed!

I will tell thee, that in ye year 1825 one Mr. Jesse Varney of Dover, considering that the Mousum river must be wanted for more manufacturing use purchased of local owners ye privileges here, which included a territory of near 90 acres on ye East side of the stream, almost wholly below the bridge, and a plot of 60 acres on the West side, opposite it; and ye ancient Cat Mousum land and mill above; and besides, much land on ye East & West sides of ye stream at Fluellen’s or Old Falls, and a part of ye “Great Mill Lot” on the road to Moulton’s mills. Now of ye buildings situate on the river here then! On the East side, scarce 4 ft. above ye bridge, with gables up and down ye stream, was the broad, low pitch roofed Storer mill of olden time, and at ye back side there was a gap in ye wall-boarding through which ye saw-carriage came almost to the bridge when the mill was working, and it also ran outside the mill at ye upper end, where was the draw slip descending into ye water. While a little above, where now is a green field, was a mill yard. And do you not remember when some lucky person kicked up an English shilling there? And of the great treshet when some of ye water left the mill pond, and ran East of ye mill across ye high-

*Longfellow



RIAT
Ri.

way, and the carpenter and his crew were called out at night to raise dams on ye present Water Street to save ye lower mill?

On the East side by the highway the land was plentifully stored with logs leaving scarce room for the mail coach to pass—Ah, well I recall the day when ye selectmen busked about to clear the main street in ye village and on Zion's Hill also, so choked were they with teams of oxen with timber! On the lower side of ye bridge, and in a hollow as it were, sat the smallish grist mill of antient date as well, for when Esquire Lord was improving it, some 50 years ago, what should his son draw out from behind ye wall easing where it had long rested, but this time-stained letter. Listen now while I read it. It is sealed with a red wafer, and beginning with a broad dash is superscribed to John Storer Esqr. at Wells, and sent in care of Jos. Sayer Esqr.

“Boston Decbr 4th 1746—Bro. Storer. I should have sent yr lanthorn by ^{Mr} Perkins but he was gone, also should have sent some merchandize to yr sons but could not gett them ready—but by ye next I shall send if you and they think fitt. wee are al well & hope you & yrs are—my Duty to mother & Loves to you & yr Family—rest yr Loving Bro.

Eb: Storer”

In the semitransparent paper is the stamp of Great Britain—G. R. (George Rex) or king & the impression of ye crown.

At ye lower dam on this E. side, stood a 2-storied house-shaped

RICHARD GILPATRICK M. ROBERT



building, of some bigness, painted red, and belonging to the Gilpatric and Jefferds families. This was a fulling mill, where wool was carded and some weaving done at times. On this same side, and also beginning at ye highway where ye Water St. is now situate, but skirting ye river the whole distance, and six rods wide, crossing the island and extending below the head of tide water, was the "Town Road", laid out in Revolutionary days.

On the Western bank, at ye lower edge of the bridge was yet another fulling mill, owned by Nath'l. Jefferds Esq., and below it stood a building near 40 ft. square used for grinding bark. Succeeding this was a two storied barn. Then upon the bank of the river below stood a dwelling house of one and two stories combined, and yet farther down the stream was a tan yard. Now in 1828, Mr. Jesse Varney sold all of these possessions to various merchants in Philadelphia and Dover, N. H., retaining 1-8 interest himself, while a small holding was retained by William Lord Esq. president, and the Mousum Manufacturing Co. was organized, and planned to do great works on ye old stream—Before 1830 they had built a mill of two stories and a basement upon ye Western bank below ye bridge, much resembling ye present mill there, but longer and with a tower upon ye side with a bell. Just below the structure was a picker building joined to ye mill by a covered passage way on the upper ground story through which to carry ye iaps and belt for making the unbleached cotton cloth.

What of the motive power of this manufactory, Sir? Ah yes! in the

basement of ye mill, at the upper end near ye bridge, the water brought by the canal with thick plank sides and oak-log covering, beneath ye highway, fell on the wheel a little back of its centre, from a platform or shelf 16 ft. wide—And such a wooden wheel as it was! 16 ft. wide horizontally, and 20 ft. in diameter vertically—and revolving backwards on its iron axle instead of forward as does ye overshot style. This was the ponderous “Breast wheel,” a construction long since extinct. The theory of the Mfr. Co., was to line ye West bank of the river with quite six mills, reaching from ye bridge to below the island and head of tide, and all drawing water from the one canal when there was scarce more than sufficient water to carry one great wheel like that used.

Below ye mill at ye lower dam was a machine shop belonging to the Mfr. Co. where some of the cotton machines, and also tools to construct them were made—and succeeding this building were the rough sheds and the store house of the Cotton Factory—It was into the latter small barn that an affrighted deer, then a rare animal here, and very poor, and utterly exhausted, was pursued. After being cornered it was captured by the watchman of the mill. The company also had a long, one storied counting room, and very pleasant it was, by ye highway, the West end was fitted up with a high accountant’s desk, while the East end served as a cloth room; here young girls folded the cotton cloth. The location of ye mill was very pleasant also, with a green bank nearby, and all things about the premises were kept in very neat order.

Why do you smile? Oh, I am thinking of an Englishman named Christopher Coates who was employed here years ago, and who lived in ye old fashioned hiped roof house, the last one then on ye East side of the Wells road. You must know that his brother sent two large tumblers to him from England; possibly they were ale mugs. Each had a motto upon it. Upon one was "Be good to my boy Mary"—on the other, "Drink to me Chris."

Well, the Company must do farming as well as other work, and on ye Eastern side of the river below ye present Kennebunk house was their large, plain farm barn, with end to the street, and with a cellar, tie up and hay-mows and where three or four yoke of working oxen were kept, also farming implements; and much farming and other work was done, and not a few men employed. Not a wise undertaking for a manufacturing Co.—surely. The building was afterwards burned, and the depression of its cellar and foundation is yet to be seen there.

And now ye Mfr. Company must needs have a saw mill, consequently they removed ye red fulling mill on the East side by the lower dam, and built a long saw mill and painted it yellow. And here also was ye fence and gate, that enclosed the Company's pasture property, and inside which the townspeople gathered on Thanksgiving day for ye turkey shoot. All of the Company's pasture, field and woodland on ye East side of the river here, was enclosed by a good board and post fence, and two hundred of their three hun-

dred acres at ye Old Falls were fenced in also; which with ye farming, sawing, etc., was expending the funds to small purpose. By ye West end of the bridge was a large, flat stone lying in ye ground, with the date 1830 upon it, which was the year that the mill was in full operation. It so continued until 1850 when it was burned. It is surmised that the Mfr. Co. bought some of ye Barque Horace's cotton; the vessel that was stranded on Boothby's beach 70 years ago. The Agent of ye mill lived in ye great house with a railing on the roof, beneath ye Lexington elms. From a period beginning some 15 years after ye machinery was set a running the Company made profit, but at other times they are said to have fared but slimly, the managing of such a concern being then not as well understood as at present.

Thanks! but pray tell me what of the tiny, gambreled roof house, like a child's toy, over yonder on the "Town Road!" Ah, that little yellow dwelling was erected quite 100 years since, and perhaps more, by one Bro. Littlefield! You must know that it then rested somewhat above its present location, and sat on the sloping river bank, with its considerable chimney, fireplaces and oven. Below, at the rear, facing the stream was a cellar kitchen, very neat, and cased around with boards, and a full story above ground. The chambers were small but cosey, and at the upper end of the tiny house was a small porch, and there were steps on the street side leading down the embankment to the basement. Wrought iron nails secured ye clapboards of the little building, and under the corner boards birch bark was laid. Here in ye year

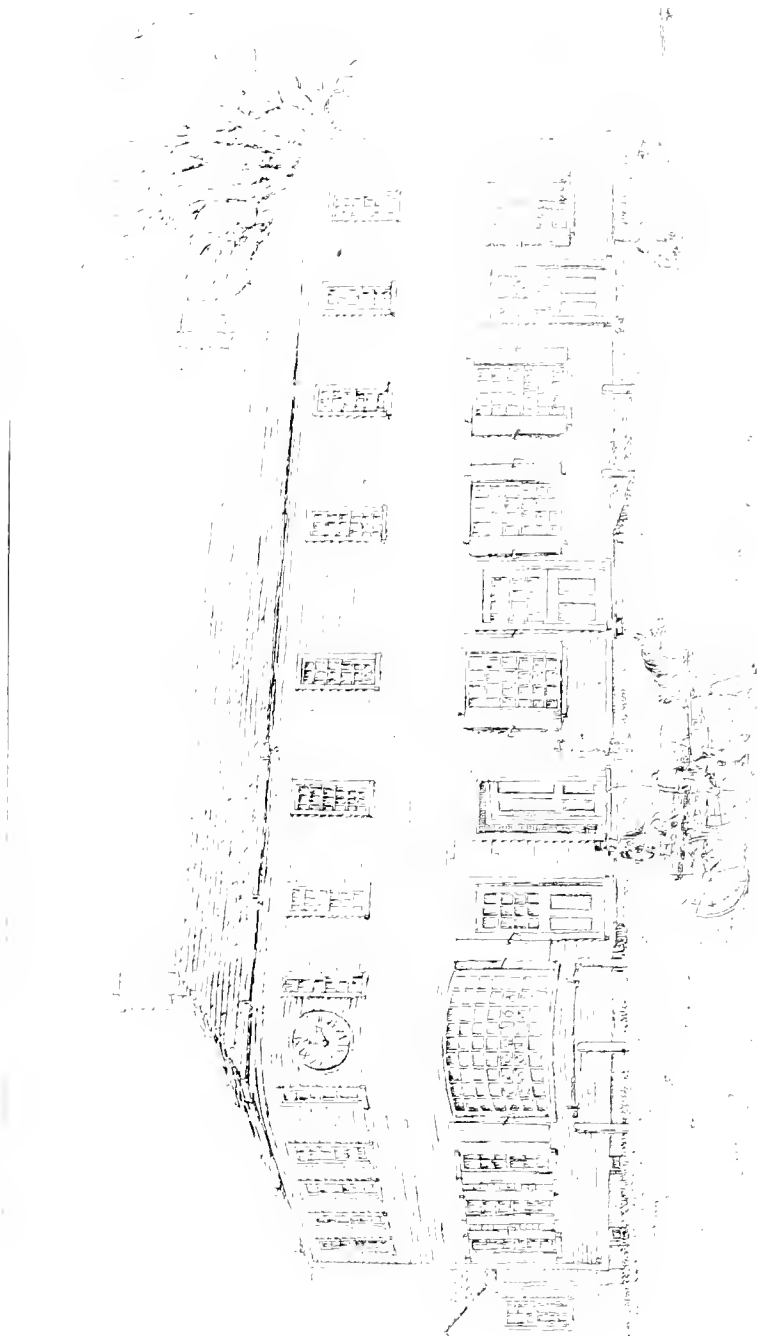
1812, lived Joseph Curtis, Esq, the principal tanner of the town and prominent citizen.

Come—we will not linger here longer, but stray down ye stream by the “Town Road!” Now we must pause a moment, for here below ye later saw mill at the lower dam, was in years past a ford, where teams and travellers were wont to cross the river, and hereabouts was the first bridge also. Ah, and when I was a boy very good sea trout were to be caught in these rapids; while later, above the nearby dam, a small salmon was entrapped.

Look to yon high bank on the western side! In some spots ye spade can scarce be driven down two span because of the rusty iron-ore gravel, and besides, there are veins of Pyrites, which is iron ore in crystals, very pleasing to discover. And as I recall it, one of ye antient men who lived on this “Town Road” long since, related that some of the ore for the Iron works once at ye Island below, was obtained in the Factory pasture near by. Now we have nearly reached the head of ye Island, and the site of the Iron Works dam of Revolutionary days and afterward; also of its mill pond, which flowed back to the country road, situate then lower down the stream than at present. And if you kick around in the soil of the Island here you will find large pieces of the old slag. And did not forgerman Moses Blaisdell once labor here—he who owned three days’ right in these works, and dwelt on ye mount later called Zion’s hill and in the L. part of the present Hon. R. W. Lord’s mansion, where are the oak floor timbers, and birch bark is laid beneath ye clapboards?

But is there aught of interest concerning the small inlet crossed by a bridge just abreast the West side of the Island, and with the sunken land beyond it? I am reminded by it of some earlier river channel—Truly so friend, you shall hear that one of our former aged residents once assured me that long ago, when his grandparent was a youth, a great freshet coursed this stream, which then flowed in a loop far around to the East in the pasture yonder. Then ye river began to force a passage for itself through the narrow neck of land at the extreme West side. This the people seeing they were pleased with, and aided the stream, and the new channel was formed.

You have heard of ye great Harrison celebration of the town in the year 1841, have you not? When the procession formed in Green lane and other town-ways, and a platform supporting a log cabin with a wild animal's skin tacked on ye wall and with a cider cask at ye door was drawn thro. the village by six horses. And it amuses me as I think that when the people were busy other ways, one of ye simple-folk stole up, and turned ye spiggot of the cask, but it was empty. On the platform, besides a country man with bow and viol, dancing, was a swivel mounted, and as ye procession drew past ye Washington hall where the Town house now stands, they shot off the swivel, and fractured all of ye glass in the watch-maker's window there. Yes, sir, 'twas so! Well, then, besides, at the Eastern side of the Factory pasture yonder, the great dining tent of that day was pitched, the people loaning their silverware for the feast, and as ye tent remained spread over Sunday—



W. A. R. C. C.

ye men and boys from the meeting-house went down there after service, and helped themselves to all of the edible bits that remained. Ah, the old town saw happy days then!

Have I not heard rumors of numerous fishing boats having been owned upon this stream, and even of a shipyard near by in former days? Truly so. Here on the lower Eastern bank, opposite the Island, at the head of tide, where 50 years since fine shad-fish were netted, was a boat landing where two fishing craft lay. But espy there, friend, a trille below where the ravine lies beneath the high West bank, commanding a fine view of the intervale and winding river. There where the brooklet flows into the stream was the shipyard, where, as ye antient people have solemnly affirmed, one Lieut. Tobias Lord lately returned from Gen. Gates's army on the Hudson river, and other persons succeeding him, until later than the year 1800 built small vessels and launched them slightly up the stream. And indeed, has not our own Capt. C——, now healthful and robust, overheard ye old people relate in times past of a vessel's frame having been set up in this same ship yard within their remembrances, and were not handfuls of blacksmith's spikes turned up by the plow on the site of ye ship yard in recent years, and do not the bed-logs of ye launching-ways yet remain there beneath the turí in good condition? Truly they do, sir! Cross and see for yourself, friend, cross and see for yourself! And it is told by one person that vessels which were built hereabouts before the year 1800 were registered in York, and that craft launched on ye



UPPER TIDE RIVER & SITE OF THE LORDS SHIPYARD 2

Mousum were floated around to Arundel on ye other river, to be provided with sails, spars and top hamper for lack of good accommodations for that work here. At this yard in the summer of 1800 was constructed by Nath'l Cousens, Jr., ye brig Rose of 179.08 tons, and of which Nath'l Frost was the chief owner.

See yonder, on the East shore opposite ye ship yard! There was the "Town Landing" lying at the foot of the "Town Road"—Observe, the stream now flows over a ford with even, gravelly floor, Eastward and very pleasantly as it borders a meadow, and has a drooping elm tree or two upon its Western bank—and below you will see a firm dyke reared upon the mound of yet another of an earlier time, and but a bit farther on you may trace the undulating, irregular ridge of a long disused beaver dam, which meanders from yon springy, wooded bank, above the meadow to the slightly elevated portion of the river shore. And, companion, formerly when elderly fishermen were passing on the stream in their boat they would call the attention of one another to the sunken land that the ruined dam enclosed, and exclaim—"Ah, the beaver pond is fast becoming chocked with river refuse!" Now, in this neighborhood the channel is somewhat obstructed by large boulders, and look, here on the East side lies ye remains of a long disused fishing boat falling to pieces amid the shrubbery. And now upon the same shore we reach the site of a former, small fishing establishment. It was a low roofed, closed in, padlocked shelter, where various masts, sails and oars were stowed.

Here Master Cousens's two masted fishing boat lay, and ye large boat of one Mr. Leach. Other boats made fast at the slight wharf as they passed up or down the stream, for then it was the habit of their owners to drop down the river and out to sea in the afternoon, fish all through ye night, and enter the river again with the tide on the following day. Directly below this place, upon the same bank of ye stream, you will discover a considerable dyke of olden time, with trees growing upon it, and, formerly mounded up to reclaim ye sedge of the brackish meadow that skirts the neighboring woods. Cast your glance yonder to the other shore, where the field slopes down to the stream—for there was the fishing stand of Mr. Richard Wormwood; 'twas where his two masted fishing boat lay—and Oh, so unfortunate was he, to be o'ertaken by ye waves when fishing in his decked fishing boat "Cascade!"

I must tell you that many a fishing craft of that time possessed a small cabin wherein a cup of tea might be brewed or a meal prepared.

Scan, friend, the territory below there lying on this East Shore, styled 60 years since the Wise pasture. It has yet a noticeably long embankment, now o'ergrown with wild shrubbery and some large trees. This shut ye tide out from a meadow joining the pasture but now covered thickly with reeds and bushes. At ye lower end of this dyke is the trace of a considerable dock. It was formerly hollowed from ye soil with much labor, and at its land end sat a small fish house, while on its upper side was a timber wharf where a decked, two masted fishing boat or smaller craft often lay.

But the red sky warns us of the day's close. Look, the dusk is deepening
amid the alders green! We must betake ourselves to our cosy
homes, and resume our stroll when another fair morn shall break.

*J. Keats



DAY THE SECOND

The morning's greeting to you friend! We will begin our stroll anew. It was here at the Wise pasture that we left the stream at evening. Now look over yonder at the high West shore where ye river bank is bordered with oaks, for beyond and above them upon the extensive field, commanding the welcome outlook, in the midst of planting, is the slight depression with a foundation rock or two, and scant fragments of brick scattered about—of ye former citizen, Edward Evans's house. How early 'twas there I can scarce tell you. However, his witness mark was attached to ye will of William Larrabee at the fort below on this stream in 1727, and 'tis said that his people came from Arundel—And Oh, it touches me with sorry when the thought arises of his two worthy sons who so sturdily marched to Fort Edward in ye Old French war to fight ye battles of King George II. But their young lives were cut short by ye ambushment of the cruel salvages. Ah, how oft they have labored on those familiar lands over yonder, and at eve rested by the now vanished hearth stone. Alas, alas!

A tragic memory sir, surely—but inform me what may be the pursuit of the two persons in the boat that we see in the stream below, the one at the oars and his comrade standing in the stern of the craft, and carrying a long pole with which he strikes into the shore shallows of the stream—can those

be eel-spearers?—Certainly Sir, & I reckon that they have taken this morn near a hundred of the slippery creatures, which as the cool weather approaches burrow in their muddy beds—but are brusquely drawn out with the spear, and find a ready sale in the near by city.

Behold, we have now descended the river to the bend, where on the Eastern shore are deep ravines sloping to the water. Here also is ye former beaver brook, and a little above us, on this rill, is the reputed grave of ye Indian; he who was slain while stooping to examine his traps, buried, & his musquet thrown into the trench with him, but 'tis said, 'twas later exhumed and is above ground yet, but I know not. However, this I do know, that little children gathering berries in ye pasture 80 years ago, feared to visit ye gulley where the Indian grave lay. Now some 70 years gone by, a young gent of the town enamored of the chase, chancing to cross this rill near where it splashes into ye river espied a cluster of fair sea trout in its shallow waters, doubtless swam there to spawn, & there-upon captured them in his hands. Thus elated he set a day for his friends to dine with him—but my informant was not one of the invited guests, else, mayhap, he had forgotten the incident ere this time. And here at the abrupt elbow in the river where it flows Southerly & has a high, Eastern bank, the land above was once an open farm, but now is grown thick with saplings bright with autumn foliage. This turn of the water was early styled the "Gould Roundabout" but later 'twas the Kelley bend because of ownership of adjoining land, but on the hill top you will

discover the cellar sinkage of the early inhabitants house. He too was a comer from Arundel, & did not Ebenezer Emmons also witness the will of Wm. Larraby? And here 'twas that Samuel Emmons dwelt before the middle of ye 18th century & ended his days on this spot, but his four sons and one daughter removed to ye town of Coggshall or Lyman, where one of their offspring who was ye first boy-child born there, received a grant of 160 acres of land from the town. The family later extended thro' all this region. A bit below the location of the house and on the river bank was their place of family sepulture, and I have heard say how that some 50 years ago one of ye family folk coming here, successfully searched for and carried away with him ye dust of one of his ancestors.

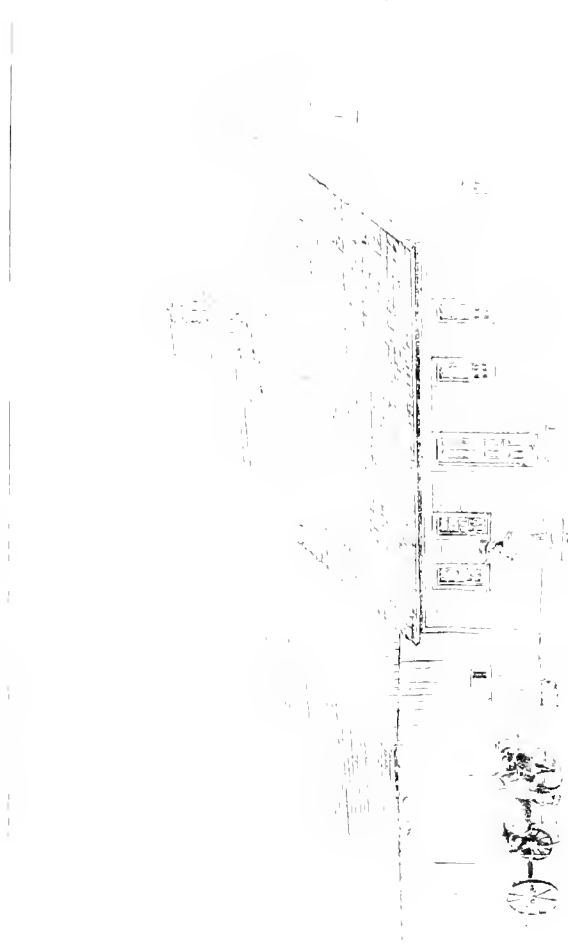
Tho. the trace of the Emmons house spot is now so scant, yet in later times, a neighbor assures me, that one Mr. Pendleton Fletcher, even, abode here.

Now we will proceed, and traverse this highland amid the young trees, and descend to the open, river bank, to where the stream again flows Easterly Behold, here is yet another long meadow of salt or sedge grass skirting the river and woods, and notice, it also was once protected by an extended dyke, but long since neglected, and overgrown with bushes and trees. At this spot, many years gone by, was ye shed-like structure for harboring of fishing gear of one Captain Joseph Hatch, and in the stream his fishing boats lay. And now friend, should we follow the river a short distance below, we would

find an inlowing creek, also the same meadow extending there, and the dyke continuing to the wooded hillside beyond, and presently emerging from the low trees in the Larrabee vicinage, we would discover a considerable marsh with the trace of a dyke bordering the river for a short way; but we will not journey there, our eel fishers will ferry us o'er to the high Western bank, pleasantly shaded by oak trees. Now I will inform you that on this rising ground where was formerly a field, but which is now grown with youngish trees, was in ye last part of the 18th century the home of John Bragdon, the forebear of all of ye families of that name hereabout. And what shall we say of him? I will again draw from my garment ye book and read the lines from the poet, "It is the sword of a good Knight, Though homespun was his coat of mail; What matter if it be not named Joveuse, Colada, Durindale, Excalibar, or Aroundight" For was he not a major in ye Revolutionary war, and a descendant of Arthur Bragdon, councillor of ye city of Gorgeana, planted by ye great Sir Ferdinando Gorges, knight, and did not the same Arthur Bragdon with his wife Mary, disembark at what is now ye near by town of York in ye long ago time of 1634? Most truly he did, friend!

Now at ye time when the early house was here, there was not the well laid out road from the village on the West shore of the river as at present, but a path or cart track only, rough and circuitous, near the river with bridges over ye gulleys, but later when the present road was plotted, the worthy man abandoned his early habitation, & reared for his family a low, broad, one-storied

*Longfellow



1870 - 1875

house, & a barn West of it, by the new highway. Here his hardy sons were reared. And for one he built a new dwelling, & divided the home farm that he might not stray for work to the nearby ship-building town—He it was who ever after followed the plow, and breathed his latest breath with hand upon it. And here, ye sober folk subdued the wild land with ye grubbing hoe, an implement the one part hoe, the other part axe, & by which were cut and destroyed the tree roots that hamper cultivation. Another route must now be found from the new highway to the lowland of the farm. Therefore ye river farmers gathered to assist their neighbor, and formed the deep cut through the hillside yet to be seen there—which when completed, one of their number—ascending the hillock & touching his hat to his fellows, rendered an impromptu verse befitting ye occasion.

Gurgling down ye wooded gully on the farm's North side was a little brook, where the cattle were driven to water in winter, & which was styled "Mile Brook," because it was a mile from ye village.

Now a trifle below this settlement, & in the midst of the field yonder, bordering the river, which again flows to the North, and where on the steep bank landslides with trees and bushes were wont to descend into ye stream—was the small, one storied home, & also the barn sheltering two yoke of well grown oxen, of one William Wermwood, a considerable farmer, who had formerly dwelt upon Great Hill, and who in descent was from the early pioneer of that family name, at ye fort on the East shore opposite.

And now plodding by ye edge of the field we appear to have reached the homestead of James Fernald of ye former time. You must know that the antient dwelling was a smallish, one storied, low eaved farm house without an L—that stood at ye end of the lane in front of and a bit S. & E. of the present house, which fronts the tall elm trees and brook that meanders thro. the neighboring meadow and marsh to the river yonder. In the middle of the ancient bldg. was a considerable chimney with an oven— on the brook side of the house was a door, while another one was at its lower end. Its windows were wanting, but when the new house was built the older structure was to be seen, serving for the storage of corn and farming implements, and the children were wont to play in and about it. West of the house in the lane sat the capacious barn, also of the earlier time. A meadow and marsh formed parts of the farm, the salt hay from the latter being secured every season. From the Western, wooded meadow bank a dyke crossed the creek with a plank barrier, the course of the stream being diverted, and extended to the opposite higher land, which is an extensive field sloping from the house to the river. At the water side a boat was often moored, by which members of the family were frequently “set across” to the opposite shore upon one errand or another.

At ye highway upon the hill top beyond the brook was a grassy roadway, used only by the country dwellers, and passing Westerly, mid fields and woods, to ye Easterly highland of the town of Wells.

The family was a large one, and comprised 13 young folk of varying ages, and besides, two little ones had been called home. Happy was the rural life that these good farm residents enjoyed, for it was the custom at that day for neighbor to visit neighbor and sup together, the children accompanying their parents and sharing in the happy occasion. We will now journey onward, passing through this long lane, where on its upper side at the highway was formerly a small, gable roofed schoolhouse for the few children of the neighborhood, and visit another home site of early days, situate on land near the river and sloping pleasantly toward it. This was the dwelling place in 1739 and earlier of Thomas Wormwood Jr., and companion, you will become acquaint with the value of land at that far away day when I inform you that in this same year, it being the thirteenth of Geo. II, the yoeman mentioned paid ye sum of twelve pounds for a parcel of salt marsh but 1 1-2 acres in extent, situate upon a small cove of the river, at a little distance below his dwelling.

On the marsh slightly above the creek, and near the river, now observe a green plot, covered only by the higher tides, 'twas where the men folk of the farm were wont to rear the marsh hay ricks—the "Stack-yard" of days gone by, and but a bit above it may yet be traced the mound of dyke, which barred the salt water from the creek, and enclosed the fresh meadow, and which locality has ever since been styled—Ye "Wormwood Cove." Above the house, upon a sandy knoll, near the traveled road was the family burial

plot of succeeding days, neatly enclosed, and which was used as early as 1796. Previous to which period the family, which had removed from the Eastern bank of the river below the fort, had transferred its lost members to that shore and the ancient burial-place there, by boat, and ever, in after years, a skiff was moored by the brink of the stream at the farm, in which members of the household might cross to the Eastern shore when desiring to visit the village above, because of the shorter journey thither. The low, one storied, old time house, with rafters of hard pine, which has since been removed from this to the adjoining farm below it—sat upon a green bank facing the South—Its entry-way and large chimney were in the middle of the front, and on either side was a comfortable room—one having a high dado and projecting posts in the angles. Without, at the East corner of the bldg, was the house-well, while another for the cattle was near the large, ancient barn, which rested West of the dwelling—it then being a quite universal custom in N. England to place that bldg. thus, whenever possible, that it might not be endangered by sparks from the great wood fires of the house chimney, the prevailing winds of the year being from the West—Ha, ha, companion, Do you recall how 'twas sang of “Acadie, home of the happy?”

*In doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away in the darkness.”

*Longfellow

Nearer the house was the carriage-shed and corn-loft, while in a hollow between the house and the river stood the hut for the swine, and at the West end and rear of the dwelling, and also extending from it toward the stream was an extensive orchard. In removing the roots of these trees in after years, a very large belt, brass buckle of antique pattern, broad and embossed, was turned up, but which very soon dropped to pieces so long had it lain beneath the turf—The strong hay-land of the premises West of the house was wont to be styled the "Upper field"—while that to the South was known as the "Lower field," and where in later days an arrow head was turned up in plowing, also a piece of old time curiously figured blue ware, but that soon crumpled to pieces. Thrifty folk the river husbandmen were, and farmer Wormwood ever in his two barns laid by a season's supply of hay & corn & other produce in advance, against a year of short harvest, while in his stalls two yoke of matured oxen, and other two of growing steers rustled the maize stalks as the short winter days drew near.

And now friend we will take boat as did the family of former days, and ascend & cross the stream at a small distance above. And here we are at the Easterly border of the Larrabee marsh before described, and at the bend of the river also, where is a creek's mouth, which once had a greater depth of water than at present, and where by a slight wharf then lay the fishing boat of James Larrabee. And now we will ascend the sloping field. But pray what may the slight railed enclosure and dark head boards betoken—a

place of interment? Truly so friend—of the two prominent mounds that you see in the enclosure, the nearer one is the resting place of Sergeant Stephen Larrabee, the patron and commander of the near by fort, and the other that of his wife Miriam—The head pieces shadowed by the shrubbery are those of members of the hamlet or neighborhood. And the descendants of ye family aver that one or two indians rest hereabouts as well, & that there were not above four mounds of white folks on this lower spot. but that above, near the brow of hill in the field yonder, where was once the palisaded garrison and its accompanying cabins, or the Larrabee village as it was styled—which was really the first permanent settlement of the town—there where you see the memorials and rude headstones & boards and also continuing along by the edge of the near by ravine, were to be seen long since, many mounds lying every which way, and the names of various of their sleepers were known to ye people of that time. And, indeed friend, was there not an interment at the garrison scarce above 50 years since, when ye people came from the road, making a way through ye snow in the field, that some silent one might rest with kith and kin at last? Surely there was!

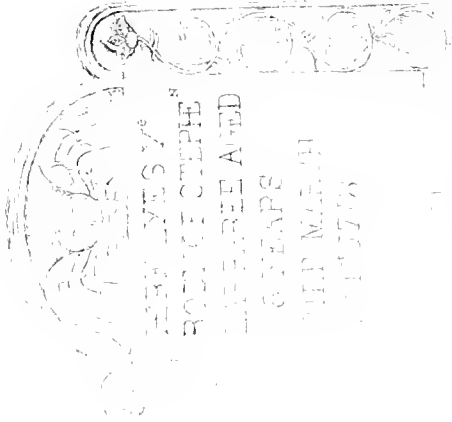
Now gaze about you from the top of this hill, how fair the river is winding down from ye turn above; see the flushed Western sky beyond the high banks yonder, and espy down ye river by yon sloping field and grove of oaks there, and beyond the more distant marshes and placid river, bordered on the West side by ye old farms, and see the great hill, and ye vessels sail on the twinkling sea that limits our view in that direction.

It would appear, follower, that William Larrabee, the pioneer upon this ground, and formerly a refugee from indian aggressions at the Eastward, was the son of a French immigrant to this country, who now, 'tis said, rests in the antient burial ground on Montjoy hill in the near city of Portland, also that William had kindred, possibly a brother, at N. Yarmouth, the settlement from which he fled, because of the will of a dweller in that town made in 1737, and yet extant, which bears the name of Stephen Larrabee, and also mentions a wife Margaret—sons Stephen & John, daughters Hannah & Margaret, and the possession of a house, barn, & 100 acres of land besides live stock.

Yet far worse did William fare when he came to dwell in Arundel, for while securing the salt hay, ye heartless indians entered his house, throwing their hatchets at ye children and the wite lying upon the couch. And was not the coverlet of it long kept by the family, and afterwards converted into small bags and given to the grandchildren and other descendants of ye family? And is not one of these tokens yet to be seen? Truly so, Sir.

Well companion, our fancies may present a picture of the heavily timbered forest, and the smoking clearings of the pioneer settlers of Kennebunk, but from the following writing of the good man William Larrabee, the neighborhood of the fort was far from being entirely a wilderness country then.

He emphasizes that the document which I show to you is his last will and testament, and in it commits his spirit to God who gave it, and his re-



THE YESS
BOY OF CEREAL
SIX YEARS AGED
SIX YEARS
WILL MARCH
1917

mains to the earth to be decently buried, and bestows upon his well beloved son Stephen Larraby (who was later ye Sergeant) his dwelling, and land containing 100 acres, with all his marsh or meadow, the son paying all his lawful debts. To his wife Kathrine he gives a third part of his estate, and to his eldest daughter Bethia Look 6 pounds. To his daughter Sarah one cow and call, 6 pounds in money and 40 acres of land. To his daughter Easter a heifer of two years old, 6 pounds in money and 40 acres of land. And to his son Stephen all his right and interest in North (doubtless meaning his possessions in North Yarmouth) and also the remainder of his estate not disposed of already, and appoints him to be his executor and to pay all legacies within three years' time—the standard of value to be in "currant or mowing land" and sets his hand and seal to the paper April 25, 1727.

An honorable record indeed friend of one who had been forced to flee two homes, losing one family wholly by ye enemy and beginning domestic life anew. Yet in his providence to his family by his comfortable property begotten by honest labor, it presents a pleasant picture of the Kennebunk life of that early day.

Now look afield, Interested one, toward ye roadway on yet more elevated land. The low, old style house beneath ye tall elm tree there was long since timbered, all but ye roof, from the remnants of the fort, and in the cellar you may yet behold the floor timbers with former framings. And I will tell you as well that the family owned land on the E. side of the present highway

where was the later, one storied two lower roomed house of ye Sargeant's son Jesse into which was built a bres summer beam from the early garrison. Also on either side of the road above & where now are pine woods, was formerly a pasture—A bit West of ye highway yonder, amid the trees, is the depression of a house cellar and a well, 'tis where ye Wakefield family dwelt formerly, that gave their name to the hill E. of ye pleasant road. Gaze now to ye North West where are trees thickly growing—Yon tract extending to the later Wise Dock, the family also possessed—and indeed much of it was once cultivated, as ye former corn hills in the woods, stones gathered from the land & lengthy fence mounds, upon which single lengths of rails were laid, will make us believe. Ye family generation of the early part of the last century ever averred that the site of ye garrison was by the border of the ravine by ye woods and on ye level ground of the field in rear of the bank facing the stream, and that ye palisade extended near down to ye present neighbor Furbush field, and they were wont to trace the river line of the enclosure, and also that of the ravine side, which indeed yet appears to be faintly visible, but to what distance toward the east into the field the work extended they knew not, as in plowing but little if any vestige remained there of former occupation. But towards ye front side many remains were found, such as broken earthen ware and dishes, and an indian stone hatchet. The positions of the chimneys of the cabins were then shown and the brick and clay debris belonging to them were found. Formerly such relics were removed from the

land in quantities. Also found, ye depressions where ye cabins sat were then distinctly to be seen, as faintly they are today. Formerly, a few gun-flints, round leaden bullets & occasionally, antique copper cents were discovered in the garrison field, when it was being cultivated, and in later years a button, of the bigness of a half dollar, and seemingly of silver, with ornamented figure of a star engraved upon it, was turned up by the plow. And later search on an evident hearth-spot produced a perfect quahog shell, besides those of smaller bivalves in abundance, all mingled with fragments of rude bricks, scant remnants of wrought iron nails, bits of glazed and unglazed earthen ware dishes and crockery, broken clay pipe, also charcoal in a perfect state of preservation, and small fragments of bones of domestic animals.

After the close of the French and indian wars the Larrabee family scattered afar, some of its members removing to Scarboro—Joel a son of the Sargeant, in 1776 acquired land where is now ye antient Larrabee farm on Kennebunk river, and removed thither. He it was who transmitted to our day the record of the faithful little companion dog belonging to the Sargeant, and that ever gave warning to him of the approach of an indian enemy. This little friend accompanied him whenever he visited the woods, promptly warning him of the near presence of a savage. A few of these dusky people were desirous of slaying the Sargeant, but the more sagacious ones of their company observed, "No, not kill him, he is an aged man, and cannot do us harm, but catch him."

The name Joel was a favorite title in the branch of the family that I have mentioned to you, for when the present honored representative of that name first saw the light of the world, the maternal parent desired to bestow upon him the title of Francis, but the father sternly replied, "No, Joel he shall be called" and thus the antient Bible name was transmitted to the 3rd generation. Now besides the two sons of the Sargeant that I have before mentioned, there were also Stephen and William, and the daughters Mary, Lydia, Catherine and Esther. I will also tell you that Ex. Gov. Larrabee of Iowa of later years was related to ye Kennebunk family of this name. And now companion, you shall know of one or two of ye tales concerning the people or the former times and of the garrison, that the fathers and mothers whose memories went back to the time of the Revolution have related. Ah, happy thoughts would visit us could we better know the social life here of that day, when the Sargeant was one of the early Parson Little's first Deacons, and there were eighteen weddings in the Parish in one year! And did not the Sargeant and his wife Miriam mingle in the first dance at the marriage of his grandson Jesse, above, on the road yonder? And was it not the custom of the Parson at such a time to take two glasses of wine—the one for himself & the other for his wife, and did not the guests salute the bridegroom and wish him much joy? Surely I know 'twas thus by the word of one who participated in ye scenes. And I will tell you how one Mr. Thomas Boothby was wont to relate that at the time of an indian alarm when ye people fled to the

palisadoed refuge, a good woman living in ye middle part of the town quit her home for the fort, leaving a lone goose there "setting" upon a nest of eggs. After a short stay at the garrison, the worthy housewife became concerned for the welfare of ye goose, and summoning her courage, and preparing herself for the journey, ventured to the homestead, and returned to the fort in safety with the goose and her goslings.

And it once so happened that a child of the garrison, belonging to the Sargeant, he who was much feared by ye indian inhabitants, even in peaceable times, wandered from the fort, and was intercepted by the salvages, who thereupon caught the best horse in the place, and mounting one of their own people upon it, and binding his lower limbs thus secured the child beneath ye horse's body—and so contrived, rode to and fro, up and down in this same field to vex the people in the strong house. But as the horse and his rider happily drew nigh to the fort, the parents gave direction to shoot, as they had rather that the child were dead than to be thus tortured. As ye musket belched forth, the savage slid beneath ye body of the horse, which sped away at a run—but by great mercy the child was at last brought safely to its parents nor was the animal injured. And further it was related by grandfather Gilpatric that on occasion when ye indians may have had the Sergt. at a disadvantage they assured him that they intended to lead him to Canada with them, but he answered them that he was prepared to go. Now there was a spot of clear ground up by ye parsonage where the horses were wont

to go to graze, and the Sergt. on a day taking his musket, went by that path, and ere long discovered his horse with an indian mounted upon its back, and other savages by his side. Directly he shouted to the enemy to come out as he desired to slay them—which proved to be too much of a surprise for ye gentry—and the Sargeant securing his horse returned home fearless. Now the aged informant of these events devoutly wrote that the glory for the rescue must be given to Providence who stood as some bright star in behalf of that generation.

And now friend, that Sargeant Larrabee, yeoman and guardian of the infant settlement was yet living here in the last part of ye 18th century—is apparent from an existing deed, in which after the payment of one shilling duty, and of his personally appearing Apr. 30, 1793, it mentions that for a certain sum of money paid to him by his son Jesse and for the use of a room in his house and comfortable support during lifetime of the aged mother, the Sargeant deeds to him the home lot lying on the Easterly side of Mousam river, between the lands of Samuel Emmons and Benjamin Wormwood, also 50 acres of land formerly purchased of John Sinclair, and 2-3 of the marsh previously bought of Nathan Wells Esqr. and a thatch bed that he formerly had from Jno. Cole, (The Sergt. being the owner of the lowermost Thatch Island as it was called in Mousam river—at that time comprising nearly 3 acres of land) besides one half of the interests in the Saw mill and grist mill on the stream at the villag^e near the county road with the Building and

Privileges belonging to the premises—This was his voluntary act & the Rev Daniel Little was one of the witnesses of the deed.

Thus his long life was closed by an act of forethought and care for the welfare of his worthy wife, the companion of his later years.

Ah, friend, as interesting as this locality is, we must now continue on our journey. Here in the near-by, adjoining field, which was formerly a portion of the Larrabee farm, there was once found in plowing a stone club nearly 2 ft. in length, besides several indian arrow heads, one being a very perfect chipping, also an indian fishing sinker. But now we will cross ye fence, by this line of trees onto friend Butland's farm, here but a trifle below the surface of the ground on the high bank & in view of the river, was discovered a while since, during some excavating, a place of probable indian burial, as the skeleton was in a sitting posture. Fortunately ye larger of the relics were recovered & in ye debris were two stone implements, the one being an axe; the other which was some 14 in. in length, with end eased for grasp of the hand, was styled a weapon, but some persons named it a pestle for pounding ye maize with. At ye same time, near this spot, a copper coin was thrown out with the gravel, which if ye later owner recognizes it among others, shows the figure of a shield & the words E Pluribus Unum with year 1784 upon one side, while upon the obverse was depicted a horse's head and a plow. And besides, a very perfect indian gouge, once hollowed with much industry from stone, was espied & rescued from the sand.

And now you will notice below the row of trees and at a little distance in rear of the steep river bank a slight rise of land. This is styled ye "House Piece" for upon it rested the small dwelling of John Look in garrison times—he who had taken Bethia Larrabee to be his wife, but after a time neighbor Look removed to another town, and John Butland, the Ship-builder dwelt in ye house, but some time later it was drawn up to ye highway yonder where it yet remains.

Did I not once hear you speak of a former Ship yard on this reach of the river Sir? Yes, comrade, you did. I will now lead you to the quite noted site, and yet styled "The Butland Ship Yard." Observe, we descend the slope of the hill, below the steep, wooded river bank by ye same, altho. now grassy roadway used so long ago. Is it possible, is it possible? and could this sheltered spot at the upper limit of the marsh have once been a busy ship yard & did this stream by our side ever float sea-going craft? Truly so, companion, for here John Butland, the ship carpenter, who was born in the near by garrison in 1744 in time of war, laid the keels for and completed 12 vessels of varying tonnage, one of the last being the small brig Triton measured and registered at 139.70 tons, Oct. 26, 1802. whilst Sargeant Larrabee built one other craft here. And I will also inform you that the high land at the head of the marsh beside this grove was formerly styled "Yard Hill," because of the ship yard and landing at the foot of its lower slope, and that within recent years the bed logs, which supported the launching ways of the



LOWER RIVER & SITE OF J. BUTLER

yard below the steep hill side, were yet remaining in position, and also that the few existing logs of a wharf extended from the river bank. And did not ye mariner John Wells, who dwelt, when at home from sea, in ye old homestead once down yonder, and whom our Captain at Kennebunk well remembers—once perform a voyage to the West Indies in a top sail schooner that was built on the Mousam river? And also did not ye same Captain's mother, who was born in ye year 1807, when youthful behold a new vessel that was built upon this river being warped out of it, by way of the canal at ye rear of Great Hill yonder? And was it not the good fortune of our friend down there below on ye road, & who obtains his livelihood from the sea, to be acquaint with one aged seafarer, Wm. Littlefield of Wells, who assured him that he had once sailed to ye West Indies in a square topsail sloop, that was built and launched upon this same Mousam stream? Surely friend, these relations are true, but if you are yet incredulous, sit you upon the root of the oak that shadows ye old time launching place, and I will stoop beside you, & declaim the following contract of remote day that relates to this very ground whereon we now repose—Thus I will begin.

“This Agreement made and Concluded on between Joseph Churchill of Arundel in ye County of York, Merchant of ye one Part, and John Butland of Wells, Ship Carpenter in County aforesaid of the other Part. Witnesseth that the sd John for the Consideration hereafter mentioned—Promeseth and agrees with ye sd Joseph to Build and Completely finish ye Hull or Bodde of

a half Deck top sail schooner of about one hundred and twenty tons or thereabouts, of ye following Dimensions, fifty seven feet Keel, twenty four foot Beam and Nine feet or ten feet Hold as sd Joseph shall Direct and find all the wood materials, suitable for the same--Except such Wood as the Block-maker shall stand in Need of, and Deliver her Completely finished, below all falls or Shoals in Musum River by the fifteenth Day of August Next ensuing—the sd Schooner to be Built with all White Oak above Water, and all good Oak under Water, and to have two streaks at the floor timber heads, and one streak under the Wales of three inch Plank, and all the out Board Plank to be White Oak, and not under two inches and a half thick the ceiling Plank to be of good oak the Plank for the Decks to be good White Pine of the length of the half Deck, and two inches and a half thick the masts and Bow-sprit to be good White pine, and of Dimensions as sd Joseph shall Direct the spars of the Best Spruce, and the sd Joseph Promiseth to pay the sd John two Pound thirteen shillings and four Pence for Each and every ton that the sd schooner shall ton when Built the Pay to be in the following Manner. one fifth Part to be Payd in Cash—one Quarter Part in West India goods—one Quarter in Provisions and the other part in English goods at such a Rate as the sd Joseph sells for Cash Pay—the West India Goods and Provisions to be of the following Prices. New England Rum to be two Shillings per gallon—Molasses at one Shilling and eight Pence per gallon, Cotton wool at one Shilling and Eight Pence an ell—Coffee at one Shilling and four Pence a

Pound, Chocolate at one Shilling and Six Pence per Pound, Corn at four Shillings per Bushell. Pork at four Pound ten Shillings and Eight Pence per Barrel. Cod fish at Seventeen Shillings per Quintel, and other articles of the the Provisions and West India goods to be at the same advantage—the Pay to be at—at or before—and to the true and faithful Performance of the Agreement and Every Part of the Same the sd Parties Bind & oblige themselves to the other, to the other in the Penal Sums of four hundred Poundsto be Paid by the Party failing to the Party observing the same—
 In Witness the sd Parties have hereunto Interchangably set their Hands and Seals this first Day of November in the thirteenth year of his Majesties Reign—annoque Domini 1773

Signed Sealed and Delivered

in Presence of

Joseph Churchill O

Jacob Curtis, Jr.

Amdins Burley

{
 Note the word all good
 oak under Water was
 interlined before
 Signing and Sealing
 }

It is further agreed that
 the sd John shall be supplied
 with things as goods and Provisions
 as he shall call for them—”

This friend was far from being ye end of the work here, for a paper is

yet in existence signed August, 1784, by one Joseph Storer, mentioning that work could not progress in the Butland Ship yard by reason of insufficient timber and plank—but that activities would be resumed when the supplies arrived. And there is also another paper relating to this yard, which I will read to you.

“York ss Wells July 29, 1790 Then personally appeared John Butland Jr., Benj. Wormwood & Moses Drown and made solemn oath that (certain persons all of Wells and whose names I will not read) have failed in supplying John Butland of said Wells with Timber & other materials for building a schooner as per agreement, which obliges said Butland to lie still for want of Work & the aforesaid Parties have failed in making payments according to agreement for said schooner,

Before me Benj'n. Brown, Justice Peace.”

And was not Justice Brown ye same person who built ye Brown mansion yet existing on Main St. in the town & also ye formerly very long, but now divided house, that was termed Barnabas Palmers's on the same street above it? Surely so. And if you would see how the gentry of the town costumed themselves at that day now gaze at the miniature of the able Justice, which I draw from its case to show to you.

And thus we have reached a conclusion concerning the ship yard, but have you ever known how that a worthy dweller of this locality, near this time, who possessed a plot of land 18 3-4 rods wide, extending from ye Mousum



Benj. Brown
March 1864 - 1865

river marsh over to ye Kennebunk Landing heath out of his affection and good will to his three children, William, Susannah and Rebecca, gave to each of them a strip 6 1-4 rods wide for the entire distance?—Ah, me, would that we were better acquaint with ye homely ways of ye early day!

And now may we picture the later days of the noted Ship Builder, who altho. once quite tall of stature was at last bowed by weight of years, and made nearly helpless by infirmities, but he was carefully cared for by loving hands in ye little house by the roadside, where one day as he was resting in his wide, old fashioned chair, pensively gazing into ye open fire, a child of tender age innocently gambolling about ye room, by chance grazed ye cane by which he was supported when he fell and was sadly seared by the live embers. In vain did the kind folk of the household apply cooling leaves to the hurts for within a few days' time the good man had passed to his rest in the year 1828.

Sir, I believe most truly, I believe all that you have told me relating to the Ship building and those persons who took part in it, and now we will journey onward, for I desire to learn more of this historic stream and the former dwellers upon its banks. We will ascend to the top of "Yard Hill", and again pursue our way seaward on the highland—Look yonder at ye promontory like jutting of field not distant from which one aged Capt. Frazier and neighbor Furbish long since plowed up a collection of antient iron pots and kettles, which they ascribed to some dwelling once erected there within

reach and protection of the garrison above. And espy there—another pleasant headland below this spot, where is a dark headstone or two & also a newer white one among the wild shrubbery, for there we might linger awhile in the sunlight, and gaze off upon the marsh and river—This ground which appears to have once been long enclosed by a fence, was the former burial plat of ye Butland family & here rests the worthy ship builder and his wife, also the elder members of the Thomas Wormwood family.

And now as we saunter on our way we may scuff about here in ye field, before reaching the marshy inlet, at the slight depression on the low green eminence, styled "Clover hill," perchance we may discover indications of ye house site of Thomas Wormwood, the pioneer settler, who in 1727 affixed his name to neighbor William Larrabee's will document. Now you must know that the original immigrant of ye Wormwood family located on the Isles of Shoals, but in the year 1661 Jacob Wormwood came to the town of Cape Porpoise, & later, in ye reign of King George the 1st., and ere the year 1720 was reached, Thomas Wormwood the 3rd in descent from ye immigrant journeyed hither to make for himself a home and build a house upon the Eastern side of ye Mousum river. And Ah friend, you little realize the fortitude of ye yeomanry of this and other families of our town in those, and the later time when they sought to establish independence from the King—for did not Abijah Wormwood write to his friends here at home in 1776 from Mt. Independence, Ticonderoga, that he had suffered everything but death in the

service—from want of provisions. He had also experienced defeat, and had been captured by the savages, but yet he blessed God that his life was spared when many of his soldier comrades had fallen about him.

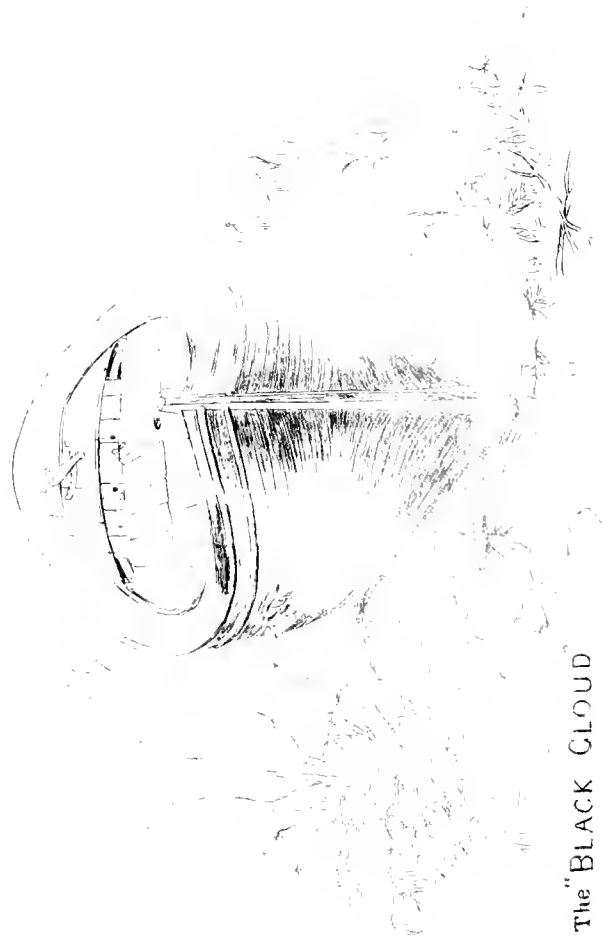
Now we will cross the marshy land to ye oak and pine wood beyond. But stay here a moment near the bank, at the foot of the long reach of the river from above, and where is ye bend, and at ebb tide ye sand island, on which excellent shellfish are found, and where the sea gulls often congregate in winter. For at this place our neighbor up yonder, was reposing a short while since, when what should he espy but four otters of a brown color, emerge from ye wood-side and scamper o'er this bit of marsh to ye small creek opposite. In vain did he essay to o'ertake them and do them hurt with a club, hastily caught up, before they should reach ye river—Now shortly after this incident two indian boys that the neighbor met gathering ye sweet grass here, assured him that it was the habit of the otters to visit the salt water at times to fish in the brackish ponds, after which they would return to the up river country again.

Ah! here we are at the cellar in the woods nearly abreast ye head of the marshy inlet—See it has good depth, and a very evident line of earth covered wall at the upper surface about it, and outside near by lies a loose rock or two once evidently detached from the walls—for 'twas here that the homestead of John Freeze, one of ye early inhabitants, stood quite 160 years since & later when ye land now wooded was open. And does not the field now existing

below this spot yet bear his name? Indeed it does, Sir! And one of the resident folk, who dwelt upon ye road above, at the beginning of the last century—would in after years repeat that frequently farmer Freeze would make a neighborly call at the house where she dwelt, and that when a violent storm arose it was his habit to say—“There must be a drowned man in ye sea,” because of ye disturbance of the elements.

And now we may visit ye goodly bank and grove at the river side where by its shelter sits the fine boat, now 6 years out of water, & see it is near 26 ft. in length & with 8 ft. breadth of beam & above 3 tons burthen. In service it was steady and worked well, carrying two masts with spritsails, and a bowsprit near 10 ft. overboard with a jib. In ye overhanging stern behold a locker for spare sails and clothes—I assure you friend that she was built in 6 week’s time by neighbor Pitts on the road above, unaided, in a blacksmith’s shop, on ye other river, and of a truth the craft nearly occupied the entire building. With a temporary board deck and dory tagging astern did she not once visit Jeffries Ledge, 40 miles distant from Cape Porpoise, with neighbor at the helm, remain out all night, and on the following morn sail with a full fare of great cod fish into Portland harbor without shipping the least water, so considerable was her breadth of beam—so light her bow, and so long her run? Indeed she could scarce come up ye Mousam river, but at half tide. But a long rest is the “Black Cloud” now having.

Well, friend, as we stroll onward, I recall that an acquaintance of long



The "BLACK CLOUD"

residence here has assured me of collections of shells having been found, many years since, in the woods near by. Evidence, it is probable, of former indian inhabitants. But notice—beyond at a distance from the river, in the half clearing & at a little above ye fresh water pond where ye good folk husband the ice in winter. There, among the pine stumps of considerable age is a goodly number of white rocks, the single ones each being quite sufficient for a person to carry. Surely you never beheld the like stones elsewhere hereabout, and consider—some resemble coral, fresh from the reef. Ah friend indeed they are coral stones and the incident of their discovery is this! Ye aged Daniel Drown who came into ye world near the beginning of ye last century & who was formerly a dweller near this farm had not memory of ye land ever being cleared here, nor had it been cultivated within his time, but ye neighbor Barney up yonder, ever active for improvements, cleared ye land of the young trees, but did not espy the rocks until when ye fire was lighted, and all ye branch litter and leaf gatherings were consumed by the flames, when were seen ye coral rocks showing white in the soil, some of them on the surface while others protruded from it. It chanced that some were smooth, but others showed all of ye irregularity of the polyps work of the southern seas—Ballast rocks truly friend—ballast rocks believe me, removed long since, and deposited in this hitherto unused spot, from some small W. India vessel that then entered this river.

And now as we ramble onward consider Comrade the marsh dykes that

we have encountered in our stroll & raised long ago. Here is one nearly level with ye marsh by reason of great age, but yet in some lengths its accompanying ditch still exists, and see, it extends from the cluster of small pines to yon grove of oaks, once redeeming a portion of ye salt marsh from the tide. And yonder is another dyke, presenting quite a barrier to the water yet, having small log work sparingly seen to offset its wash, this encloses a considerable meadow—There at a short distance above it is a third dyke, skirting the higher land, and forming a safe mound upon which to journey, & beyond yet more distant is another embankment that boldly barriers a salt grass meadow & creek within it. These remains evidence earnest work once upon the land. And behold much flotsam & jetsam that have been brought by the spring tides discover their voyages ended on the outward sides of these old time dykes. Now inspect the litter, here is a gaunt birch tree stem, there barrel staves & broken boat boards, armour of crabs and lesser debris. And espy yonder is a cluster of driftwood gathered by some provident person for future use, & which presents a study by its variety—with bleached roots & branches of trees—the head of a cask & other bits of wood in many forms, all neatly stowed.

Come now, we will sojourn onward though we tire, but observe, we have reached ye clay hill at last! Now we may ascend the low eminence where the ocean is in full view—As regards this location, the acquaintance who lives here relates of a student of history who once came to this site to gaze about

saying that an indian of some note formerly pitched his lodge upon the hillock, but later removed to ye town of Berwick, & also that in after time one Gillespie dwelt here—However that may be I can scarce say, but truly will inform you that on this knoll & but a little distance before & a trifle only West of ye house, our friend now living here did in recent years exhume an antient iron vessel with its cover, styled a Dutch oven, & which was used to bake ye bread in by suspending it on the fireplace crane. While over the way yonder our other friend some while ago, adventured upon a heap of rocks, the uppermost ones being near even with the surface of ye soil, while the others were below it, & all seemingly blackened by fire once. Indian work think you not so? as many shells left by them were once observed at the hillock above.

And now may we descend to the near by bridge, incline against ye rail and gaze off upon the stream for the nonce & also to the West Shore above for a short way? Yonder by the highway and extending above it, was the farm of neighbor John Wells, that was apportioned from the ancient family manor. Here our friend caused to be reared a roomy barn, himself and family occupying one end of it for a series of years. But had he not purchased a gathering of fine topping bricks intending to rear a substantial dwelling in some fortunate year? And indeed he could have bulided a small house directly. For at ye later time of the great Portland conflagration was he not proffered a handsome sum for his bricks, but refused to part with them, his ambition being to construct none other than a goodly house? A worthy ambition indeed,

for if forsooth Col. Byrd once dreamed to erect Westover the imposing mansion on the James, in the Old Dominion, what wonder if one of our own people should wish to rear a comely house, upon the bluff of the Mousum. Now I will inform you that neighbor Wells was a mariner, passing a part of his time only at his homestead, & you must know also friend that in former days the Ohio river was a route of travel to and from the South and New England, & that it once so happened that our friend was descending that stream upon a flotilla of barges when one of them chanced to touch the ground upon a sand bar, and remained there until the flow of the stream had washed all of ye sand away beneath the bow and stern of the barge, when its back was broken. This was then not an uncommon occurrence upon that river.

Again, once when sojourning at home our friend purchased a considerable fishing boat in ye nearby town to the Westward, and it so chanced that when a propitious day arrived, two residents of the village above on the river, one of whom had been a man o' wars man, obtained the loan of the craft for a fishing venture off shore & the whilst they were out a severe blow came on, when the boat was overturned, but ye rock ballast falling out, and the craft floating keel uppermost, the two voyagers clambered upon it, and luckily drifted ashore with the boat undamaged. But nevertheless ye owner caused it to be drawn upon the West bank directly above the steep bluff that is at the bend of the river where is the island, & there it ever after remained,

1914



bleached by all ye winds & weathers, and upon its stern could be read by the passer-by in leaden letters its name—the “Gem of Wells.”

And then besides, our friend once possessed what may have been the most considerable fishing vessel upon the river, a ten ton craft, with deck, a cabin and schooner masts & sails & which was styled the “Hornet.” It was often moored below the bridge, and in it fishing & sailing parties were wont to venture out to sea—and with it voyages were made to Boston & the Eastward, & so clever a sailer was she that her later purchasers preferred to race rather than fish with the craft.

Now above the homestead last described you will observe the marsh and pleasant sloping farm field with clustered bldgs. upon its highest part of the bro. Nathan Wells, and which is yet in possession of ye family, and that once formed a portion of the great home tract of above 100 acres of pasture and tillage land, and 100 acres of forest. In that time the creatures of the wood of one description or another were frequently discovered and deer were not seldom seen by dwellers of the farms in passing to & from the village above. It so chanced that on an occasion when bro. Nathan Wells was returning homewards & had reached the farther side of the Fernald brook up yonder, he espied a deer, the flintlock was cautiously raised to the face, then occurred the flash in the pan and the quick report, and two deer, the one having unobserved by the husbandman sauntered near the other fell by the same bullet. But what wonder when indeed in these recent years the sprightly buck

and gentle doe have stared at the home folk of this farm from the knoll-side, near ye dwelling.

Observe yon green hillock in the open field and near the marsh. It commands a most interesting view of the broad watery way of the river, standing so bravely Eastward with its myriad ripples. Also of the marshes and green banks and woods of the Northern Shore. Upon the hillock stood the early log cabin home of William Wells an early comer here, but the cabin was burned by the savages, and he removed to his later site on the W. side of the present road below the mansion of Esquire Parsons. This experience could scarcely have been unheard of by him before, as a forebear of one Patty Wells, when a mere infant, was with her maternal parent concealed by the father in a potato cellar, when the French and savages fell upon ye town of York in the far away King William's war.

Friend, it was Wm. Wells who cleared the land, which we now behold by telling the trees and allowing them to remain upon the ground until mid-summer, when they were burned, or else they were drawn together out of the way, by the aid of oxen and chains.

In the creek, which winds from the river to the lower edge of the field, the succeeding owner of the premises was accustomed to moor a fishing boat in which he would venture to sea—return with a fare of fish, dispose of them at the village above, and yet accomplish a good stint of work upon the farm in the same day, which was a worthy example of early N. England thrift.

And I will assure you that the traveled way to the village hereabouts once made a detour into the woods at some distance from the farm house, but the dwellers on the premises by their own labor formed a shorter route leaving the older one in the woods unused.

But turn you, friend, on the bridge, and gaze yonder where the gulls with straight spread wings cross and re-cross each other's paths low down, and anon disappear behind ye sand dunes, for there is the river's mouth. Oh, I like not that chill sea beyond, sparkling tho. it be! Let us betake ourselves homewards by the upper river, and end this day's saunter, resting by ye oak shaded banks there, where on the river shallows those sun lit wavelets lap against the returning tide.



DAY THE THIRD

Ha! Ha! Kindly Associate our paths cross one anothers to-day! Not a few ruddy sundowns have faded and cloud shadows fled o'er this wide flowing tide-river since last we rested and communed together upon this self same bridge, but to-day we will finish our stroll.

Do I observe you to reflect, pensive friend?

Yes, yes, I cannot gainsay it, many thoughts of former days take shape as one lingers here upon the bridge. Now friend, gaze down ye stream on the East Shore there where the long dykes are situated, which friend Wentworth and his foreman Fernald, and stalwart helpers besides, reared with honest toil in many a day gone by, and now showing numerous breaches. Ah, little reward had they for their painstaking! For two seasons the enclosed marsh yielded heavy harvests of English hay, but then, even within a few years alter the shutting out of ye tide, the fresh marsh grew little else than crops of weeds, which with the cost of maintenance destroyed the profit of ye undertaking.

Now over yonder where the pasture of our neighbor English extends to the salt grass, and near the river, an indian stone hatchet was found long since, as I have heard ye elderly people relate. And now may your vision dwell

on the West bank, and to the low hill by the way that leads to ye shore, where of late the chimney bricks and ancient, fractured iron kettle were exhumed, for upon that airy knoll sat the second dwelling of one Wm. Wells in Revolutionary times and earlier. Aye, methinks in 1759! It was a low eaved, comfortable dwelling, and yet shelters a home circle joined to ye mansion yonder. Its builder came hither from the Western part of the then wide town of Wells, and from his door-yard here he could gaze upon ye lands toward yonder sea, and East to ye Great hill, and with his sight follow the river and its west bordering tracts of territory near a mile to ye North, and proudly exclaim, "This domain is all my own possession,"

Now with the father dwelt the sons Nathan and Joseph who also honestly held ye plow, and followed in their parent's footsteps. And I must acquaint you with the truth that the days had their frights in those years; for as the young man Nathan was on a time returning to his father's dwelling from a visit to ye village above, by the woody way, with a basket of provision upon his arm, he was conscious of being followed by a wild creature, and hastened to reach his home upon the hill. Now as it chanced in that day, a fence encompassed ye dwelling: this the young man hastily clambered o'er, and scarce had he reached the door-stone beyond, when a bear raising itself, placed its foremost paws upon ye rail of the fence that he had but just surmounted.

Ah, and evening often brought its dread! For upon a day after sun-

down, it was observed by the farmer and his family that a certain kine of the herd did not return to its home with the other cattle, and it was heard to lowe in an unusual distressful manner in the direction of ye seashore. On the morrow at early morning, ye people venturing forth to learn the cause of the disappearance of the creature, discovered but shreds of its hide and other scant portions of the unlortunate animal that had been destroyed by wandering wolves, or mayhap, a bear.

Now to the West of the house on the hill, and on the lower land, reposed the commodious farm-barn, and near the house was ye stoned up well, and hard by the bank of the river, some small way above ye stony bridge yonder, was a living spring. While near by, on the same elevated bank of ye old river, and in his own field, were the works where Wm. Wells manufactured salt from sea water in ye Revolutionary period.

Now before these times, in the day of the great Bashaba, the red men dwelt in full liberty upon these lands, as the husbandman well knew, for yonder on the lower side, and near the Stony bridge, and but a little removed from the marsh land; there where ye wild brush of late scantily grew, he was wont to relate, was a spot of ancient indian dwelling; for the space of the area of a house there was thickly set with the whitened shells of bivalves but a little below the surface of ye soil, and which were repeatedly turned up by ye plow when the farmer with his oxen labored upon the field.

Ah, pleasant it is to dwell upon the memory of those virgin days! Now

in later years when a follower of Wm. Wells and his son chanced to be furrowing ye land hard by, on the edge of the field that borders ye old river, but a scant stroll above ye old time salt works, on the upland there, but a bit only above tide water, they fell upon three several spots where ye indians had encamped long since, which was made known to them by the large shells of ye bivalves disclosed by the plow, and much larger were they than shells obtained in the later days; and stooping, the son gleaned an arrow head from one of these former camping places.

And direct your gaze there but a stone's cast below the bridge on which we yet linger, to the field bordering the river and the great house, where ye head of the family caused the sod to be turned up and graded for a small pleasure-court for the young folks.

Then the workmen chanced upon a spot, which they at first resolved was one of interment, but later esteemed it to be the location of an indian encampment, as ashes were found, and a species of mould, which they judged to be the remains of ye bones of animals obtained in hunting; but more interesting was ye finding of several perfect heads of indian arrows, which were recovered. And on the following season two well formed spear heads of ye aborigines were brought to light by the workmen in spading ye garden near by this spot.

But listen friend, have I ever discoursed to you of the stranding of the Alexander on yon beach during our later naval war with England? When

our Seamen's shout was "Free trade and sailors rights." You must know that an alarm was sprung in Arundel, and the children being released from school beh'ld two large vessels, with all their white sails spread, passing along ye coast. And on the river above us, the more able of the people clambered to the low roofs of farm buildings to obtain a better view of the happening. It was but a bit West of ye Great hill where the vessel touched.

Now 'tis said, that when ye Bulwark was in pursuit of the privateer, her people cast overboard a bag of gold, being resolved to lose it rather than that the enemy should come by the treasure; and that in after times, the bag of money was brought up to the surface of ye water by the hook and line of a fisherman, but the hold brake, and the gold shimmered thro. the green water to ye bottom again. However that may be, when the vessel came ashore the church bell at Kennebunk was set ringing, the people flocked to the scene, and all the men upon the farms went down to the shore, some armed with guns and others with pitch-forks, but Patty Wells kept her own house, and simmered those delectables shaped like ye letter O in the fry-pan, and made of corn-meal, which was ye only commodity for the purpose then at hand, and sent them to the men folks, their protectors, by the children, who feared to go to them by ye way of Stony bridge, but made a detour and waded the creek to reach their friends with the delectables. Now you must know, listener, that Stony bridge was at first begun in a rough way, it was a small construction built by the neighbors and nearby residents for their own use and

convenience, and was without a well beaten track leading to it, but a pair of bars and way down ye hill-side field were the means of reaching it.

Now hard by on the seashore, another good wife dwelt who was very much alarmed by these war-like proceedings that I have described, and she hastened from her farm to our Patty, and importuned her that she would flee with her to the village above, but the heroic woman replied, "No, I was upon this ground first and here I intend to remain !"

I will also inform you that cases of goods and pieces of merchandise, the proceeds of prizes captured, doubtless, were thrown overboard in the chase and drifted ashore nearby, and one good man, who gathered up a parcel containing silks, was accused by the townspeople of theft. Some of the villagers went near to take a sight of the privateer. The afternoon was beautiful, the air still, the sail's of the vessel stranded on the beach were all spread, but hanging idly from their spars. Now the commander of the craft, one Capt. Crowninshield, and his hapless crew, yearning for a shelter, plodded to the dwelling of Wm. Wells on the hill, where they were hospitably welcomed by him and his wife Patty, and they dwelt there for a time, the officers being entertained in the house, while the men were lodged in the barn, that I have before described to you.

Gaze to the Westward friend, beyond this near grove of trees where the good folks were formerly wont to resort to uproot the wild sarsaparilla to suspend in bunches in their attics ere ye winter set in, a scant fourth of a mile

farther on the highway, and a bit beyond the first small creek. For there it was that the ancient way, that on a former excursion I acquainted you of as passing near the West bank of the river, crossing the Fernald stream some short way below the present bridge, and that kept on through ye farms below and at last emerging from the woods and crossing this roadway, continued on to the shallow or wading place of ye old river at the first cove, or the "Pines" as the vicinity was afterwards wont to be styled, above Stony bridge. Ha, ha, how oft did Sarah Wells when a girl bridle the farm horse, and drawing fast the saddle girth, and lightly mounting ye animal amble from her home where yonder country-seat now is to the village by this early trail! But more of the ford. Far back in ye time of 1760, or thereabout, over yonder afar on the hilly land East of the river, a little below ye hotel named from the eagle that sits on ye shattered pinnacles, where you will now see a depression in the hillock, one Mr. Towne reared a sightly dwelling as housing for himself. In course of time, Yeoman Spinney became possessed of the homestead, and nothing daunted removed it to the headland beyond, at the shore and was buffeted by all the winds of ocean. After him came one Gillespie, a Scotch book agent, and dwelt in ye house until driven by the sea to take refuge in the village at the head of tide. Ere many years were passed another owner assumed control of it, and Joseph Wells over yonder, summoning the help of the Country-side, caused the house to begin its long journey in the winter season of 1823 to the Westward, by the grass land then

existing, far beyond to the old river ford, at the "Pines" that I have mentioned, over which it was gotten upon skids, and continuing its progress along back of ye marsh and the West side of the hill, and over what would now be the barn-yard of the Country-seat, it reached its present position, with upper windows covered by boards, and its very large 2nd. story beams unwrenched.

And now it chanced that one who since grew aged and passed to his rest was an infant then, and as the ark of family refuge slowly approached, he was held aloft in his mother's arms in the doorway of Wm. Wells's dwelling on the hill, and bidden to look. "Look child, our new found home is approaching.!"

And now friend gaze down the stream a little, a good part of the way to where ye old river debouches into ye new and where the high land joins the marsh, and on which spot small trees and bushes are growing, for there, at the steep bank was an ancient burial plot, where Wm. Wells the pioneer and other early members of his family were laid to rest.

Little think you, tollower, that these waters once reflected the masts of commerce. I will acquaint you a bit that way. Now some 60 years since, over yonder bordering there on the inside shore of the cove, a trifle Easterly of ye neck of Gillespie's point, even out where sand now lies, but reaching to ye neck, stood an extensive pitch-pine growth of goodly trees, the heart of each being largely of pure pitch, and belonging to ye Benjamin Wentworth family. And within them, but hard on the shore, a colony of tufted night

herons were wont annually to construct their nests of sticks.

These woods were cut away, and the wood sent out of the river in vessels to ye Capital of the former Bay Colony. There was the schooner Volant, built in the year 1851 of some 54 tons burthen, belonging in Wells, and set up after fore and aft fashion, that sailed into the Mousam river and up it by the channel on the Western side of ye Thatch island, and carried wood hence which had been brought to near the clay-hill bridge. The vessel could stow some 40 cords of wood, and she lay at the Eastern Shore, a trifle below the bridge only, with her bow down the stream, without any wharf, but moored off the bank, and the wood was taken on board in wheel-barrows, over a plank from the shore to the rail. And but a fittle above a day's time was required to lade the vessel, which done, she sailed out again, being piloted by Masters Drown and Wells, and some three visits she made here under charter of one Oliver M. Wentworth, who as a farmer's youth had previously journeyed to Boston, seeking for a larger business.

And much other wood was brought to the rear of Great Hill below us, where some of it, by chance, was burned, and the Schooner Brilliant of the same style as the one that I have described to you, sailed into the river, and lying in the canal at the rear of the hill received her cargo.

But a finer craft that ventured into the river at that day was the topsail schooner Wave, also built in 1851, and of near 100 tons burthen, and which hailed from Kennebunk river. She was moored off the bank, at the rear of

Great Hill, in the deep water, there in the canal, near where it joins the main river, and was secured by lines to posts set in the marsh. Her sails were a square topsail, which she used, a mainsail, foresail and two jibs. On the forward deck was a galley, and on the aft deck a trunk or companionway, which lighted the cabin below, where the master, one Capt. Wm. Bragdon, his officer, and three or four seamen waged at some \$18. per month each, were bunked. At this berth, like the one above, the wood was transported on board over a plank gangway from the shore. The vessel was a clever sailer, and when laden with quite 75 cords of ye commodity, she proceeded to sea in rough weather. This incident of the stay of the goodly vessel here I will relate to you. She at first lay in a channel on the Western side of the main river, but fortunately was warped over to the rear of Great hill the day before a severe Norther came on, which clogged ye channel that she had lain in, and as there was but little to hold her, the vessel broke adrift, and was near being blown out of ye river, dragging down to the point of the two streams, where slightly grounding she caught, and was held, and later was drawn back to her former position.

Now another woodland had been cleared but a little South of ye Fernald farm, and the wood taken to ye seashore on the Western side of the river, when the schooner Equity sailed in, and lay in the channel from which ye Wave was afterward fortunately warped. The vessel was moored to piles, a stage was built, and the wood taken on board in wheelbarrows, the vesselling aground at low water.

Now in the later years, some effort was made to revive the commerce of ye stream, when Charles Parsons. Esq., who dwelt in his country seat on the far point yonder, caused a strong pile wharf to be planted on ye West shore of the stream near the sea, with a small house upon it, and a floating stage along side. When, some 25 years since, the schooner Sarah of Wells, of near 51 tons burthen, was sailed in, and made fast to the wharf. Ah, and an odd craft she was, built in the year 1833, and having formerly been employed in freighting oak timber from Wells to Boston! She was of shoal draft, with cabin below decks, and possessed neither fore nor main topmast, but was seaworthy, and sailed hence with some 40 cords of wood, but later, alas, was lost on ye rocky York coast

But Oh friend, I bemoan myself of that unruly, restless sea, erst while hiding ye useful wharf in the dry sands of the shore, changing ye river channels, swirling its tides this way and over yonder until, for instruction, but in vain for solace, we may again draw forth from the fold of our cloak that book "in vellum bound," and scan ye refrain of the poet. Even how that the *"Ocean old, centuries old, strong as youth and as uncontrolled" has no ear for our complaints, and anon disports itself so cruelly!

And I must make known to you as well, that at the time of the opening of the new river channel, one Capt. Gray of the village above, and Mr. Joseph Wells of ye old farm here, being gents abreast of ye times, purchased of Capt.

*H. W. Longfellow

Oaks of Arundel over yonder, a shallow draft schooner with fore and aft sails, styled the Echo, with the intention of bringing into the river cotton for the mill at Kennebank, and goods for the stores there; freighting them in the vessel up the stream to the head of navigation. Now the clay hill bridge upon which we rest, had been designed for a draw-bridge, the timbers being cut for such a structure, and they were ready to be used for that purpose, if occasion required. But the vessel did not proceed to the upper stream, altho. she visited the lower river on two or three voyages.

And surely my attentive listener you have ne'er been acquainted of ye hopeful enterprise of the townspeople in seeking a new river outlet in the year 1846. have you? Shall I relate it?

Most surely so, Sir, make no delay, for river-lore is welcome chat to me. Now I will assure thee that the Mousam River Navigation Act—comprising 10 incorporators was approved July 20, 1846 and an Act of March 8, 1826, authorizing a canal on the Mousam river was repealed. Ye Company was to have the privilege of cutting off bends, building dams, embankments, wharves, piers, monuments, & placing buoys. It could also levy a toll on each vessel of 10 tons and upwards, & demand reasonable wharfage rates, and have exclusive right of steam navigation on ye stream for 30 years. Ye first Capital stock was \$2,500—but this could be increased to \$25,000 if deemed expedient. The shares were \$25 each—without assessment and ye work was to be completed in 5 years or else ye privilege became void. Well,

we must saunter to the sightly land below the bridge yonder, there on the West shore where the view is wide spread. Now you must know that the river course when modified before the year 1800, swam to the Eastward, by the channel styled the "Canal" at the rear of Great hill, and presently bending S. Easterly it followed on either side of a ledge covered chiefly with small rocks, but also with a few large ones upon it, and remains of which are yet to be discerned, known as Ram island, the larger channel of the stream being upon the side of the main land, while the other was but a shallow current. The river then debouched into the cove, at ye spot known as Gillespie's point neck, and presently was divided by a ridge of rocks, the greater channel being upon the side of the point, while upon the cove side was a rivulet course. And but a short way below were the falls so termed, they being but a rocky shoal where the water ran off from the ledge and this was a ripple at low water. It was even then quite a little distance below to the outlet of the river, where flowing East of George's rock and West of a small ledge nearby, it entered the sea. When ye canal debouched thus the cove existed as now, but it has been much enlarged since that time, the roots of former trees now being discernible upon it. Then it was a more desirable harbor than now, and better for boats to lie in, but it was laid bare as at present by the ebbing of the tide, excepting in the river channel. There was not, however, the swift current in the river at other times as now. and the stream was better then than at present for navigation, and there was then much boating on its waters.

To reach Gillespie's point one then must needs cross the river. The land on ye ocean side of the canal between Great hill and the point, of which there was considerable, a wide space even, sufficient for quite a farm, was a corn field, and I assure you friend, persons are yet with us, even neighbor Hubbard yonder, who have labored for days upon it. At that period a person could drive a horse nearly all the way on green grass ground from Great hill to Gillespie's point, where the sod extended out nearly to the Eagle rock but a very short distance only intervening between them.

Upon the outer or ocean end of the point 80 years since, was to be seen the abandoned cellar of the Gillespie homestead, the headland having since wasted much upon the seaward end as well as on the cove and ocean sides, and the course of the former canal would now lead it into ye sea waves.

The funds for creating ye new river were obtained by subscription from the persons who could purchase the stock, and many farmers and other persons gave their labor, for there was enthusiasm for the work. Stock certificates were issued picturing the hoped for future navigation of the river and showing the Company organized, and the signature of William Lord, President, and William B. Sewall, Secretary. Behold one, friend! In cutting for the new channel a straight course was made in the marsh on the Western side of the stream, and now visible. from below the bridge upon which we lately rested, and abreast Thatch island a short way above the present outlet of the old river, where a creek then passed through that way and jetties or cob

MOSAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.



CHARTERS PART

Matthew & Co. Stevedores

is the name of *Matthew & Co. Stevedores* in the Capital Stock of the
Mosam Navigation Company, which is a duly incorporated company of said
Company, by and *Matthew & Co. Stevedores*
as his Attorney.

McComb, & Co.,

Law & Co., 1846

read

For *Matthew & Co. Stevedores* consideration paid

Shall hereby transfer and convey the foregoing to me.

to

In presence of

works were made, since wrongly termed "Ye West India Wharf" to stop it the outer one being now visible. The inner one was to be seen 30 or more years since.

The cut then continued to the sea wall and back side of ye beach. This channel filled up at the back end after the river formed an outlet for itself, and the channel above has now become mostly absorbed by the river and filled up, but a few years since a boat could pass through it at high water when an island was formed.

Citizen George Wise was given the contract for \$200. of blocking up the course of ye canal above Ram island near the cove, with some piling, but mostly rocks from the neighborhood, of which there were many, and did the feat expeditiously, profitably and well. The sand from the cove soon washed in, and completed the barrier. The location of this work, some rocks of which can now be seen on the shore, was for many years afterwards styled "The Dam" by the people of the vicinity. A dam or barrier of ballast or beach rocks was also carried part of the way across the river where the channel was narrow at the lower, rear side of Great Hill, where the waste of the shore has since been great on the East side, and where the tide now covers stumps and roots of trees not a few and hard earth in process of demolition. While at the joining of the canal and river at the rear of the hill was an island of moderate dimensions where is now a minute one. And at the inlet of the old river was another considerable island created by the cut,

and styled the "Joseph Wells' thatch bed," which has since greatly wasted.

Upon the morning that the new channel was to be carried through ye sea wall, every inhabitant journeyed thither, who could do so, and nearly every male pilgrim carried a shovel. Many persons who excavated at the time of making ye final cut for the new channel at Great Hill, hoped for, and thought it quite possible, that the treasure of Capt. Kidd would be found.

All preparations being in readiness, and many persons present, the shovellers commenced their work in the morning at low tide, and opened the remainder of the channel. The ditch was not wide, and a plank spanned it over which boys accompanied by their parents sauntered. One merchant of ye town who was present, in a spirit of triumph bestrode the narrow ditch, ore sole being upon one side and the other on the opposite shore. This position he maintained as long as it continued to be safe, for the barriers erected to direct the waters out of the new cut fulfilling their purpose, the pent up river made short work of the sand of ye sea wall, and the channel was soon too wide to cross in safety. But in the interval, one of ye chief inhabitants, being much interested and elated, proceeded outside in his boat, with the intent of coming into the new river when the current had formed it; being the first to do so, and looking for a great harbor. But directly one of the near by seafaring folk with a companion, procured a scow in the vicinity and pushing out, immediately rowed about and returning gained the honor of being the first to enter the new river.

All of the work of this enterprise was performed by hand labor, and its cost was nearly \$5000, but men of sober thought averred that could the funds have been expended in blasting ye ledge at the "ripples" in the old canal, a better river mouth and harbor would have ensued.

But espy, there on ye ancient or first river, at the full tide, and near the present new river outlet, is a channel extending nearly to ye sea wall, this as late as the year 1853 was a navigable passage setting seaward, and joining with ye new outlet, and each existing at the same time. On its Western bank stood for a spell of years two considerable fish houses, and boats of some bigness oft came in, and lay at them. This channel was supposed to be a bend of ye ancient river before it reached the later canal, but some 50 years gone by a severe storm the same that set adrift the Schooner Wave, raged on the coast, and this outlet was obstructed at its mouth by great seas washing the sand in. Thereupon ye ancient river broke through the narrow neck of land separating it from the new river, and flowed directly into the stream as it now does.

Well friend, we will descend the hill to cross ye Stony bridge! Ah, the near shore here below the bridge has gained much in these later years, and on ye upper side the larger island in ye channel is of late formation, but the smaller one near by has long existed here!

But pause, we have not yet viewed ye Great hill beyond the river, where the outlook is surprisingly wide spread over much blue water, coves, thin

lines of promontories and other shores ! Ye considerable eminence is a dry, densely packed formation of gravel, small rocks packed every which way, and an occasional boulder. In former years ye hill was resorted to in the summer season by a large colony of bank swallows, its brow being perforated by their burrows, which gave an opportunity for the frosts of winter to effect much destruction there, but now that the little birds have ceased to frequent the hill, ye sod and gravel have wasted less rapidly. Espy now the great boulder that lies a bit beyond the hill near its foot ! Our kindly informant yonder recalls the day when it fell from ye bank. And gaze beyond where the two boulders lie, the one in ye water at low tide, and some 60 paces outside and Easterly from the hill. Friend, they were once imbedded in its side, and truly did ye yeoman Oliver Drown long since behold one of them dislodge and tumble to ye strand below, for the hill extended far out in that time, and well did farmer Joseph Wells, who once possessed that broad hill-side field, relate that it had wasted a fourth of its proportion during his lifetime ! Now it once chanced that William Lord, Esq., of the village above, purchased ye hill in part that he might acquire the right of removing ballast rocks for new vessels built upon the Kennebunk river to the Eastward, the right of so doing without ownership of the land being questioned. From the rocky point or strand West of the river mouth many tons of ballast rocks were formerly taken and carted to ye other river for the new ships, by Mr. Wells of the farm near by.

And, observe, a better part of the way down ye hill at the rear, where the cart track is deeply sunk in the turf and soil, for there was ye King's way or "Military Road" that passed over yonder in days gone by. And towards the East end of the hill, on the lower side of the road, and not above a rod from it, you would discover a considerable mound with a rock or two projecting from it, and that has long existed there, and would appear to cover ye ruins of a chimney, and at the rear of it nearer the canal is yet another mound. There stood ye ancient house, facing the South, that long existed at the back side of the hill, with its out buildings.

Indeed, young folks in former days were shown the depression of its forsaken cellar, and farmer Wells oft recalled the appearance of the house itself, and the foreign immigrant who then dwelt in it, and of his boat also, and the occasion when this early inhabitant was pursuing his fishing upon the nearby sea, when being overtaken by a severe tempest and fearing destruction, he lifted up his prayers for delivery from it, and was safely brought to his home once again.

In former years ye credulous ones resorted to the hill, and with spade and mattock turned over the sods and gravel in quest of ye buried treasure of one Capt. Kidd, who "Spied three ships of Spain, and fired on them amain as he sailed." And indeed it would appear that unwittingly their efforts were not wholly ill directed, for scarce six years since, when one of the nearby residents was at ye hill, upon the cove or Eastern side, he beheld what he

judged to be a button jutting out of ye gravel some five feet below the surface of the grassland, and upon plucking ye metal from the bank he discovered it to be a very thin French copper coin of some value, a two sou piece or penny, the equal or the tenth of a franc, and then, by the figures, stamped upon its face, being nearly 200 years minted.

And friend, among ye rocks there at the river's mouth, many years now past, one of ye town's people recovered a primitive, rude smoking pipe fashioned from a soft variety of stone, and which he interpreted to be of indian fashioning,

Ah, I am led to reflect as we linger a brief moment on ye Stony bridge how ye flocks of the sea sometimes were as ye Hebrew people of old "entangled in the land," for did not a great shoal of herring appear in this old river some years now gone by, coming in with the tide? But this they would scarce have done had they not been pursued by larger fish; and altho. the egress was free they were packed in, and could not find their way out again, because they were fettered by the sea weed. and embedded in the shallow pools by the receding tide. They were stranded in great quantities above and below this rocky bridge. Some of ye fish were large, others small, and they lay two feet or more deep in the creeks, many 'tis said doubtless dying before the water left them by overcrowding. A nearby inhabitant sold ye share of finny unfortunates resting upon his strand for a pretty sum of silver to the up country folk, to be removed in ox-cart loads for the fields.

It came about that some 35 years since, some observing persons knowing of large bass fish frequenting the waters near the river's mouth, caused a goodly seine, knitted and loaned by Hartley Lord and Bros. of Boston, to be set a trifle West of the mouth of the New river and without its current, where the floor of the strand was smooth; and drawn daily during the fishing season, and many fine bass fish of goodly dimensions were taken.

It has so chanced on occasion, that the silvery pollock have pursued the small fry into ye surf at the river's mouth, even to the shore, and have themselves become stranded on ye beach in numbers so great that the farmers removed them in cart loads to fertilize the land.

Ye great sturgeon fish were once frequently seen in the river, and a few seals were known to disport themselves above ye clay hill bridge where of late we mused for so long a time.

Now we will follow ye ancient way back of the Sea wall. But what may be the low mound of brick or stone and slight depression by its side near by in the pasture bordering the old river here, and which is but little raised above the full tide, and upon which grass land in later years the workers upon the marsh were wont to spread their salt hay to dry?

Then you have never known of the "Great hill farm" on this way behind ye beach dunes, and of about the year 1800, and so styled because it extended to and comprised Great hill and beyond it; and upon which rising

ground, and near by, pine trees were then growing? At the time of ye farm, there stood a fine wood of pitch-pine trees, and the ground was free from underbrush, and suitable for picnic purposes, on this barren sea wall that you now behold, and it extended Westward to yonder extensive rocky point. Of a truth it was all green land in that day from this spot near ye old river to Great Hill, but the farm did not include ye pine woods on the sand dunes, but reached to them.

The owner of this river-farm was Isaac Topping, a former native of England, and who when grown aged, removed to the village above us, and passed the remainder of his days there. Here near the road, the broad, one storied farm house with large chimney in ye middle, sat, but in after years it was removed to ye Joseph Wells farm yonder where it was used as one of the appended buildings. Near the dwelling stood its large farm barn. At that time the way from ye village of Wells to Arundel, hereabouts, after passing the Little river followed not the direct course as at present, but performed a detour through ye woods to the North and East again, entering the present highway not far distant from ye Mousam River. And in that period, in the season, the householder with large basket on arm and visiting yon nearby rocky point, would fill it at one visit to the brim with ye great crustaceans, gathered at the ebb tide in the salt water pools among the rocks. Ah, that was the time when ye Continent was new!

Bestir yourself kindly Associate, the sun is journeying to the West, ere

long we will behold "Horus on the horizon" we must visit yon point and sightly hill before our return, passing thither by this undulating pasture way, which indeed appears to have once been formed by the waves, and crossing the Stony barrier with its several jutting planks raised against the ancient river in 1793; and also passing the water to the South of it styled by people of a former day "Ye eel pond" and to a small distance beyond it on the Western shore of the old river where on rising ground sits ye old time farm house upon which the tall balm of Gilead trees cast their moving leaf shadows. Ah, how fair the prospect is! But friend do not view this house as of very ancient date, altho. it sits upon ground inhabited by the white folk since a remote past. The dwelling can scarce have existed here previous to the year 1820, but another and earlier habitation sat by it, each existing at the same time, but on which site was later a deserted cellar only. Indeed, 'tis said that the first house or cabin here rested nearer toward ye sea than the present one, and faced the West. But it was on ye highland at ye distant part of the traveled road, where the way from Wells to Arundel passes the village track, that ye ancestors of the Hart family first found a home for themselves hereabouts long since, when journeying from the far town of Hampton in the former New Hampshire Grants, and bringing a part of their household goods in an ox-cart. But ye sheep they transported hither by water in a scow for fear of the wild animals to be met with in a land journey. Here for many years yeoman John Hart dwelt, and East of his large, two pair

of stairs house, stood a commodious barn and other outbuildings; also the early planted orchard, but now even ye house cellar stones are removed.

After a course of years, a son Henry born at ye old homestead on the road above, altho. not young, married a youthful wife, and removed to this farm by the sea shore, purchasing the wide and valuable nearby timber tract of his brother Nelson.

The extensive lay of land on the South jutting into the sea, and where much of the hay of the farm was cut, was termed "Point field," and when wind-harassed travellers journeyed along the shore by the ancient highway, there then existed on the farm a blacksmith's shop, where the farrier would oft clinch a nail or set a shoe of the traveller's horse. Near by, on this broad, sunlit shore, long since, a cast away seaman was pitifully lifted from ye sands, and laid to rest beneath the sods of "Point field," and long alter ye spot of the resting place was known to ye dwellers of the farm.

Often on a Sunday would ye young wife don her cape and hood to saunter 'mid ye flowers and grasses of Point field, albeit tho. once she was severely censured by her strict aunt for so doing on the Sabbath day. "Fie, fie, do you not recall that in the peaceful land from whence our forebears came, how that when ye steeple bells called to worship then would *ye decent tradesman wend his way to the fane with his two daughters, each with her morocco bound prayer-book neatly folded in a pocket handkerchief? Do thou the same!"

*W. Irving

Now it chanced that there was not formerly a well at ye house on the farm, and in early summer the wife was wont to visit a natural fount styled "Ye upper Spring" that lay somewhere on the hill-top, for a supply of water, while later in the season she sought the "Lower Spring," which was more enduring, and crossing two fence stiles to do so, and which flow of water gushed forth below there by ye pitch pine wood at the edge of the tide water.

And on a time the good woman journeyed alone to a considerable distance and upon foot, bearing ye white sheep's wool to be carded into rolls, which when perfected, she returned homewards in the same manner, and spinning ye wool and dyeing the yarn, she patiently knitted close mittens, and again wending her way on foot to a distant village at the Eastward she disposed of these works of her industry, and with the proceeds purchased for herself a warm overgarment.

Look yonder on the slope of the field below and North of ye farm house; where many whitened shells were brought to ye surface of the soil by the plow in later years, evidence of a lodgement of the Indians in a far away time. But yon sun is scarce two hours high, we must not linger longer here, but retrace our steps by the way that we came.

And now having again crossed ye rocky bridge, over ye former "Cape Porpoise river," and reached the rising ground where we lingered a while in coming hither, we may again turn our faces to that blue sea, for tales of

marine mishap hereabouts trouble my memory. Now view yonder a bit, West of the river outlet! Some forty years since a foreign schooner destined for Boston, and laden with lumber, laths and shingles, came ashore on ye beach in a fog in the summer season. Two days time were required in discharging the vessel, when an anchor was taken out astern, and the line hove taut. Ere long the craft was drawn into deep water again uninjured, and floated to ye other river for a harbor.

At another season in ye fall of the year, a small Province schooner laden with fish, and also sailing for Boston, was discovered to be close into the land at ye mouth of the Mousam river, but on the full of the tide. And luckily it chanced that neighbor Joseph Wells, whose home was near ye bridge, beheld the plight of ye vessel, and hastening down to the shore at the debouching of ye river, by motioning and the making of signs with hands and arms, piloted the little craft into the mouth of the stream where she was anchored.

Ye fragments of timbers now discerned yonder, are the remains of a vessel laden with casks of lime, that in more recent years was drifted on to the bar or a rocky strand, a little beyond the river, or toward the sun setting with cargo burning. That portion of it not consumed was salved with shovels, when ye bilge and other unburned parts of the vessel were later washed high upon the sands.

Now it once fell out that beyond Great hill, where upon the upper side of Gillespie point is the gravelly bluff; on Christmas-time quite fifty years

gone by a Province Schooner of some 150 tons burthen, that had made a voyage to ye straits at the North, and traded for, or become possessed of a cargo of furs, which was freighted to Boston and sold there, and had taken on board stores of flour, shorts, etc., for her home port, was after sailing, beset by a snow squall, and allowed by her people to drive, when she brought up under the bank of ye Point I have shewn you. Ye vessel was badly worm eaten, but could have presently been gotten off the rocks, had not some designing person at night, separated her planking with an iron bar, for she was highly insured, and allowed the hold to fill with water. The craft was purchased as she lay, by one Capt. Oakes and Mr. Lewis Wormwood, when venturesome neighbor Hubbard over at ye cove, and other persons, stopped ye leak and she was drawn from her rocky cradle and sailed to Arundel, where new planking was done, and sufficient repairs were made to give the large schooner American Register and papers, when she was renamed the "Rover's Bride" and took the sea again.

Indeed, the same rocky point "Stopped the way" against yet another craft a bit farther outward toward the extreme end of ye point, but scant years later, when ye small Provincetown fishing schooner Gleam of some forty tons burthen came on to the rocks in a fortunate bight of the shore, when she was presently purchased by neighbor Hubbard and Capt. Oakes for \$150, drawn from her perilous berth, gotten to the nearby seaport town, careened on the flats there, repaired and resumed her fishing voyage.

But can you scan yet beyond and East of the Gillespie point, where a narrow channel at ebb tide separates it from Black ledge, and beyond that even to the cove, where ye headland formerly styled "Two Acres" juts into the sea? There at the main land end were the works in ye Revolutionary days for the making of salt. At ye extreme farther end the land has not wasted or changed, but on ye cove side of the middle space it has fallen away much. And farther beyond towards ye extreme end were formerly the graves of seamen from a luckless brig, that was long since conveying a cargo of iron from Russia, and which was cast away on ye ledge a bit outside the point, and since bearing ye name of the cargo, and all of her company lost. They were buried on ye point, but the ever restless sea in after years crumbled the land, and ye whitened relics were oft discovered fallen out upon the strand.

And now reverting your gaze to ye mainland back of the point where on the near hill sits yon summer hostelry, there and on the highway beyond it ye yeoman Nahum Wentworth, born in the town of Rollinsford, in New Hampshire, in 1774, and his brother Benjamin emigrating hither in 1803, and purchasing a considerable tract of land and marsh, and apportioning to each his farm, peacefully, established themselves in the pursuit of tilling ye soil. Now in the lower end of ye field of the former brother was an ancient clay pit and brick kiln, the pit now filled with brush. There many old time bricks fashioned by hand and rudely so, were found, and not a few recovered for

future use. But by whom ye kiln was made or when it was used was never learned by this early husbandman, nor any of his children. Ye low eaved dwelling of the brother Benjamin rested on the hostelry hill that I have mentioned and as one journeyed toward ye sea and but a bit East of the road, where you now espy the yellow store house. The decrepit apple tree now near this building, stood at the house rear door, and hard by the house sat the barn with its shed like lean-to to shelter the cattle and the overhanging rafters of which were thickly set with the mud built nests of the eaves swallows.

“Your description entertains me much companion. How rare now are those tranquil, domestic scenes of the past, but pray what may the raised, irregular plateau of ground in the corner of the field, a bit below the site of the former homestead imply? I have observed it oft before. It has a sightly position surely, and is separated from the roadway by a stone retaining wall; and when the field has been ploughed this spot has been avoided by the coulter, and not a furrow turned upon it. And there are five considerable rough, flat and for the most part, field stones lying there, marking graves I suppose?”

Alas, that is their import friend! Harken to this brief tale of misfortune. It was Easterly of Great hill there, as I have heard ye fathers and grandfathers hereabouts relate of the happening. Yonder on ye Western shore of the outer part of the Gillespie point, where you escry the

the "Brig Ledge" exposed at half tide, with the foam now gathering white, "like the blanched lip," about it. And the rocks were so styled because an unfortunate foreign vessel of that rig without cargo, and blown far from her course was long since dashed, and all broken up. Some of the crew were drowned and others partially so. They were gathered up by kindly farmer folk and some cared for at ye former dwelling of aged "Aunty Boothby," as she was wont to be known, yet farther East. These people recovered, and ere long departed for their homes at the Eastward. Others of ye shipwrecked seamen were carefully nursed beneath ye roof tree of the Benjamin Wentworth dwelling, that I have just described to you, but alas these "passed hence," and were laid to rest beneath those field stones that you have described! Ah, there friend beneath ye sods of this sightly hill-side field they sleep, thro. sunshine and cloud, shadow and storm, and yonder is the bright, azure sea! Truly comrade, well may we rest our faces in our hands, and muse on that spirit of poesy, so well typified in that far, glimmering and sparkling sea, that anon destroys. Think of those hapless ones that repose there. thro. sunshine, and rain from the passing cloud. yea beneath ye field grass and the rain beaten and anon sunlighted turf, and bewail the spirit of poesy.

I have but a bit more to relate to you when we will depart. You must scan the rocky seaside hill but a trifle at the rear of the shore where ye lordly hotel sits, for there was to be seen a few years back the cellar depres-

sion of the once comfortable dwelling of Great Grandfather Richard Boothby, who came to this region in an early time. But after a course of years the ancient building, which had served as a garrison, to ye residents hereabouts, they resorting to it in times of indian alarm, and which the traveled road by the seashore closely approached before pitching down over the hill, aye, skirting its very side and nearly touching its door stone, falling into desuetude, its front door on the Western end, as Pharoahs chariots, drave heavily on its long, wrought iron, barn door hinges, and the clapboards of the house walls for the space of two feet above ye ground having mostly dropped away from repeated banking of sods for warmth in winter, and the building not being worth repairing one of ye sons caused a very similar dwelling to be removed from Arundel, and set a trifle to the Westward of the former situation, as that had been much too airy.

There ye family descendants dwelt until Farmer Hodge possessed the domain, near sixty year now gone by, and constructed another story on ye house, which long after remained a landmark there.

Behold the hillock yonder with ye oaks, and which, long since was possessed by a colored servitor of one Thomas Boothby, the son of Richard, and was ever after known to ye inhabitants by his sobriquet. Ah, many a homely scene have these old time shores produced, when as ye aged people have related, some good housewife of the past would go forth from her door but a trifle, and pound a measure of maize in the ledge before her house

with a suitable shaped stone, as ye indians and early comers here were wont to do in days gone by.

Now gaze yonder if you may, yet farther Easterly, to the level land at the rear of the sea beach before one reaches the hostelry styled in honor of ye early Hampshire Grants, for the locality there was by ye older inhabitants known as "Gibson's yard," because of a former dweller on the land of that name, who was once laboring in his cornfield with his musquit lying close beside him, and which he removed from one corn hill to another as he progressed wth his work, but for a' that a wiley savage appearing out of ye wood took his life by a shot from a fire-arm.

But now in fancy do I behold the spars and tall masts of the hapless barque Horace, silhouetted against the storm troubled sky as she rolls in ye surf at the "first beach," just beyond the "Two Acre Point" not very far distant from us.

However, we must not linger longer here! Hasten friend, and as we toilsomely regain our homes by the same way that we first came hither, I shall complete my narration, by recalling and relating to you the story of the vessels stranding.



MISHAP OF THE HORACE

Attend to my words patient listener! Now as I strolled by yonder shore, but scant weeks since, I viewed the timbers of ye vessel, that I have acquainted you with on the Strand, and the wavelets coursing among them. I shall now relate to you the tale of the hapless craft.

Well, you must know that one Master * * built her down at Scarborough in the year 1827. The Messrs. * * of Arundel, owned ye greater part of the vessel, the brother * * being "ships husband". Yes, and Capt. * * of Kennebunk, owned a piece; and also Capt. * * of Arundel, who commanded her, with his brother acting as mate.

Now, she was bound from New Orleans to Liverpool, with a full cargo of cotton, near 1300 bales. She was a vessel of 389 tons and this was her first voyage, in fact she had never made a voyage.

She was a good barque, black, sided with some stripes about her. The crew, some dozen or more, gathered at New Orleans, were all strangers, a mixed lot, with some foreigners amongst them.

Now it chanced that a story passed among these men, that the vessel had brought a general cargo from some Northern port to the Southern City, and that a surplus of the money provided to purchase it was yet on board, some \$25000: be this as it may, e're long they laid plans to gain possession of ye

craft. They would destroy the Captain's life, but preserve that of the mate, for he might later serve them.

Listen friend, and consider how tales pass from lip to lip. Some persons declared that ye Captain and his mate were impetuous, but Mr. * * who was on board the vessel later did not discover any action like this.

The sailor's plot accomplished, then they would scuttle or fire the barque. But it chanced that the cook, a Swede, and who was also to perish, overheard these bad men's speech, and warned ye Captain, and he laid a counter plan of his own to secure them upon the first appearance of mutiny. Ere long several of them were seized, and lashed with cords, for there were not any irons on the craft, and in the melee the mate was injured. The vessel now being short handed the master endeavored to make ye port of Boston tis said, but wind and tide prevented, and when off this shore he chose to sail for Arundel, for there his owners were and his family also. He would place the men who refused to do duty on shore, and secure others in their places, and would remain over a tide or two only. Ah, friend, we would that he had not made the mistake of anchoring in an open roadstead, instead of proceeding to Portland, where there was a safe harbor and the U. S. Court sat, before whom only his mutineers could be tried! Some persons averred that the crew believed that they were sailing thither, and were assured that ye old observatory on Point Arundel was Falmouth lighthouse. However that may be, the ill fated barque anchored inside yon fishing rocks, near the river's

mouth on Wednesday the 2nd. of May, 1838. Now, when the report reached Kennebunk village, that the Horace was off the bar, some of the boys clambered by the ladder to ye Unitarian church belfry with a spy glass to take a look at the craft, for it was out of the common course of happenings for so large a vessel to come hither.

The mutinous sailors were at once set on shore, and transported to Portland, and one of our townspeople who viewed them as they were landed declared that they were a sheepish appearing lot of folk.

Ha, ha, there were worthy Messrs. * * and * * serving on ye jury at Portland at this season, and they had but just been discharged from it, and had sauntered up to ye tavern to dine, and had ordered their horse to be harnessed; Aye, and were prepared to commence their homeward journey, when ye marshal appeared, saying "You must remain here, some mutineers have been brought to town in irons from Arundel"! Indeed, 'twas said that the very appearance of the men would prejudice one against them so forbidding was their appearance. This additional duty detained our friends from home another day.

Now new seamen were procured for ye vessel, one, our acquaintance * * and other persons from hereabouts were sent on board the vessel. But all of these proceedings caused unlucky delay, for the wind arose, and blew furiously all day Friday and Saturday from E. S. E. Indeed, it must have been a severe blow for various of the villagers at K. upon meeting with

one another remarked that ye conditions "were serious" for the vessel at anchor, and another person who dwelt hard by the shore, visiting it and viewing the craft straining at her chains exclaimed "She will not weather the gale." At the commencement of the blow several persons went out to remain on board the craft for the night, Capt. * * being one (an experienced pilot) another Capt. * * (a capable seaman) Capt. * * was also on board, with his mate and a full crew.

The wind disported itself so violently that other persons who would, could not pass off to ye craft. Indeed, 'tis said that at this time ye sea waters invaded the fields. The barque was with both anchors down with chain cables. Now on Saturday night the 5th of May, one of the chains parted for the strain was too much for her. On seeing this happen, the Captain fearing that the other chain would not continue long, at about 15 minutes before 12 o'clock slipped it, and at the same time ordered all hands aloft to loose the sails intending to work the vessel out to sea, but in this extremity by wind and tide the barque would not obey the rudder, and ere the men found time to do their work they heard the Captain shout for them to come down, for you must know that he had heard the breaker's dirge. Thereupon, down they came, but scarce had their feet touched the deck or their hands let go the lines, when ye vessel struck on the "Half way rock" off Oakes's neck there, half a mile distant from the anchoring ground. Some style this ledge ye "Wash rocks," and declare that the vessel left her chain lying across them.

However that may be, here she remained for 15 minutes bumping heavily, and 'tis said, lost her rudder, stern post, false keel, and was bent or hogged by the rough usage, besides filling with water. Had the cargo been aught, but cotton, or had she remained longer on the reef, the vessel would have foundered or gone to pieces, and all persons on board possibly perished. However, she rose on the ledge with the surge, beat over it, and again drifting half a mile Westerly came ashore upright, broadside on, with masts all standing, at night, mid a tremendous surf, for the gale yet continued and it was high tide, on Boothby's or the "first beach," some 150 yds. from high water mark and hard by ye "Two acre lot."

Now the Captain fearing the vessel would go to pieces, in company with ye mate and one or two seamen, lashed himself, and swung overboard. Well may we pity the poor Captain for he was much grieved at the loss of his vessel, and informed two of his owners later that were the event to happen again he would wish to perish with his vessel. Alas, the barque was ere long beaten around with her end seaward, and settled in the sand.

Our friend, Mr. * * stepping from the rear door of his house in the early morning was surprised to behold the masts of the Horace rising from the beach, and proceeded thither. The Captain was near by ye vessel, and his appearance our friend viewed with favor, and as the rain was yet falling he offered him the protection of his overcoat.

On Sunday morning, when the mishap became known at Kennebunk

village, the people went down to the shore in large numbers, and there beheld the craft appearing very large upon the beach. At low water one could saunter around her as now. This was a picture of ill luck. There was Mr. * * father of the principal owners with a large, old fashioned camlet cloak, wading out as ye tide arose to rescue articles thrown overboard by persons on the wreck. At the back of the beach was the longboat, with various members of the crew lying about it. When the tide was down the boys assembled beneath the sides of the vessel, and one of them residing in Kennebunk daring the boys of Arundel climbed safely on board the craft by a rope that dangled from a spar overhead.

Well friend, operations were at once begun on Sunday morning to get the cotton safely ashore, and to dismantle the vessel, and a busy scene it presented I assure you, many oxen and men being employed in the work, which could be done only at low tide. Boats could not be used in this undertaking. By the afternoon of Sunday the deckload had been all taken off, and part of the cotton between decks—some 100 bales. Some of the sails and rigging were also safely brought on shore. A breach partially stove in the bow, was made larger by removing some of the timbers, and a portion of the cargo was rolled out there. The cotton in great quantities was heaped upon the back of the beach, and on the "Two Acre" point. The cotton was wet, and ye fields were full of it. Our townsman Mr. * * declared that he would not have previously believed that so many bales could have been taken

from so small a vessel, and a portion of it, several tiers, 'tis said was not salv'd, because it could not be reached being mixed with water and sand in the lower hold or bilge. Now the weather continued very pleasant after the great storm, but it was difficult to remove the cargo, and a week at least was occupied in doing this work. The cotton was of excellent quality, and some of it, recovered by the residents of the neighborhood, was in existence for a long time afterwards. Indeed the farmer's daughters spun and wove domestic fabrics from it! When the cargo was all out of ye wreck it was widely advertised at Lawrence, Lowell and other manufacturing places about Boston, and many persons came from the Westward when the auction was held, deeming it a good speculation to buy the commodity, and the cotton was said truly to have brought a better price than it would have if delivered at Liverpool. It was noted that a gentleman from Portsmouth, N. H., purchased ye greater part of the cotton.

The cargo was reported at the time of the disaster to be insured in London; and the vessel and cargo with the freight were estimated to be at above \$100,000 value. The barque and freight were insured in Boston for \$31,500, and this claim must needs be adjusted, the owners abandoned ye vessel to the underwriters, but they argued that the Captain went aside from his proper course in the voyage, and the contest was long and haggling. Respected Mr. * * was called upon to appear as a witness, the underwriters considered that ye vessel was hogged only, and could be gotten off the beach,

and Mr. * * was sent to view her. He discovered that the right or starboard side was truly out of shape, being thrown up quite one foot, and the bilge or bottom of the unlucky vessel was all broken in. The Court found that the Captain erred only in judgment. The vessel did not lie for a long time in this condition, only while ye case was being decided, which when accomplished, the work of demolition began. Spars, rigging and masts came down, and were, tis said, later used for the barque Isadore—but other persons say—ye Finland. Mr. * * the blacksmith purchased the hull for the iron and copper that it contained. The planking was stripped off, and the top sides taken down as low as the tide would admit of the work.

There was some thought 'tis said, of blowing out ye wreck with powder or torpedoes, but that science was not so well understood then as now, and it remained undisturbed. The anchors and chains were recovered.

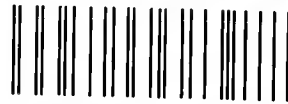
Now for ye wicked mutineers, the first cause of all this misfortune, bills were found against each of them on Saturday, May 5th, by the grand jury of the U. S. Circuit Court at Portland. Each prisoner pleaded not guilty. The same day they were again brought into court. Two of them pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to 60 days imprisonment in ye County Jail, the other two were discharged.

And now friend as we have nearly reached the end of our Stroll, ere passing the wood and field to our homes we may gaze again upon the river as the fresh leafage is parted by the strong, summer breeze. And truly

Companion, as we view the time-honored tide-stream, full to the brim, its waters so blue beneath the sky, laving its banks so silently, so soft its touch; and now shaded, now light with myriad changing sparkles, solitary, lonely, ever the same, and with ye soft green and deep shade of the groves of mid summer with the afternoon light of the sky over them—on its lower course. Ah, then we yearn, and look so wistfully to learn from the mute river the whole story of its life; but alas, it is indifferent to our interest, and for the most part hides its ancient history in its almost speaking waters; and the emotion of our own thought is our only answer.

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